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A SHORT INTRODUCTION TO THE GOSPELS.—III.

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II.—Oral Tradition

WE have seen that the writers of the first Christian centuries do not throw any real light on the actual circumstances under which the first three Gospels arose; and that they have no certain knowledge about the relations of these Gospels to each other. We have next to consider suggestions which have been made in more recent times. One of the most interesting is Oral Tradition.

'Tradition' is 'what is passed on from one person to another'; 'oral' is 'by word of mouth.' It is obvious that stories about Jesus and quotations from his teaching would circulate in his lifetime. After his death, these stories and quotations, reinforced by the recollections of the disciples, would be at first the only material available for the knowledge of him. This oral tradition must have been drawn on when gospels began to be composed. But the Oral Tradition theory goes farther than this. Its supporters argue that oral tradition supplies the clue to the Synoptic problem, and that the differences in the gospel stories are due to the gradual transformation of the material as it passed from mouth to mouth.

A great deal of ingenuity has been expended in the defence of this theory. The tenacity of memory among peoples who are not accustomed to rely upon books has been emphasised; and a great deal of weight has been placed upon the early missionary activity of the apostles. It is argued that the apostles remained in Jerusalem after the death of Jesus long enough to shape a common narrative of the life and teaching; that afterwards this common narrative was regularly used by the apostles on their travels, and that it would be expanded or adapted here and there for special needs. And so 'the original oral gospel, definite in general outline, and even in language, was committed to writing in the lapse of time in various special shapes according to the typical forms which it assumed in the preaching of the original apostles' (Westcott).

An advantage of the Oral Tradition theory is that it avoids the difficulty of supposing that the later evangelists thought so little of their predecessors' work that in composing a new gospel they freely altered it and corrected it. Those who believe our gospels are the work of apostolic men, and that the gospels possessed from the beginning a high degree of authority, find this fact of alteration troublesome and unwelcome. The oral tradition theory denies that there is any *literary* dependence of one gospel upon another; and the known characteristic of oral tradition in expanding, and sometimes in perverting its material, is held to present an adequate cause for the variations in the synoptic record.

Nevertheless the oral tradition theory cannot successfully meet the criticisms which have been passed upon it. (1) The resemblances between the Synoptics are often so detailed and so minute that not even the Oriental memory at its best can be credited with the power to preserve them. The order of the narrative, and the words into which it is cast, down to fragments of speech (particles) not highly important to the sense, are so similar over

many sections of the gospels that it must be granted that there has been more or less of copying from one or more to the remainder. And the more it is argued that the material was regarded as of a sacred character, so that every jot and tittle of it must be faithfully reproduced, the more serious becomes the next objection. (2) The differences between the gospels are not, in numerous places, such as the characteristics of Oral Tradition will explain. Surely the Sermon on the Mount must have been contained in any apostolic common teaching. Yet it is absent from Mark, and differs much in Matthew's and Luke's account of it. (3) And literary dependence of Matthew and Luke upon Mark is demonstrable, as will be shown in a later section.

12.—Theories of Dependence

Augustine suggested that Mark was an abridgment of Matthew. This suggestion is certainly wrong; but many attempts have been made to explain the Synoptic problem by assuming that the later writers used the work of the earlier. We shall see that there is a basis of truth in this line of investigation; but it is not by itself an adequate explanation of the problem. This is clear from the fact that each of the three gospels has been in turn postulated by one or another scholar as the earliest. The great difficulty is to explain the motive of the variations which on this theory have been deliberately made. One famous group of critics, generally known as the Tübingen school (from the fact that some of its leaders, especially F. C. Baur, belonged to the University of Tübingen), met this difficulty with some success. In their view the gospels bear witness to a deep difference of doctrines and sympathies in the early church; Matthew representing a party which regarded Christianity as a Jewish movement, especially associated with the personality of Peter; Luke representing an opposite party which looked on Christianity as transcending Judaism, and of universalist scope, especially associated with the personality of Paul. A difference of attitude of this kind would naturally strongly influence the matter selected. Mark was regarded by the Tübingen school as the latest of the three gospels, and its absence of bias towards either the Pauline or the Peterine side was attributed to its being a peacemaking document. It is now agreed that the Tübingen school exaggerated the significance and extent of the differences between Paul and the other apostles, and, for this and other reasons, their contribution to the Synoptic problem has lost its plausibility. That Mark has been used by both Matthew and Luke is certain, but there are places in which it is not possible to decide that Matthew has used Luke or Luke Matthew; and the resemblances between Matthew and Luke may be due to some quite different cause. The theory of dependence, by itself, is accordingly an insufficient explanation.

13.—The Theory of a Lost Primitive Gospel

Another interesting series of proposed explanations revolves around the idea of an original written (not oral, as requred by the theory of Section 11) gospel. A great deal of ingenuity has again been expended on the defence of this theory. It often happens that the first copy of a MS. has perished, and its original character has to be reconstructed by a comparison of the existing MSS. Something of the same kind has been attempted here; but no reconstruction has ever gained many supporters; and the reconstructions have been necessarily so elaborate that it is incredible that so much literary activity took place in the background of our gospel literature, and yet left no mark upon tradition. As an illustration of such a reconstruction Marsh's adaptation of Eichhorn's theory may be quoted, from Dr. Carpenter's *Bible in the Nineteenth Century* (p. 232). 'After a minute examination of the passages in which all three agreed, or any two, he supposed their ultimate foundation to be in a common Hebrew original, designated *Aleph*. The ancient form of Matthew, also in Hebrew, was simply *Aleph* with additions. Mark and Luke translated *Aleph* into Greek, each employing a form with elements peculiar to itself; but they also used an independent rendering of *Aleph* into Greek. Lastly, the Hebrew Matthew was also translated into Greek, with the further aid of the Greek sections of Mark and Luke. Our Matthew, therefore, was the latest of the three.'

The suggestion of a common Hebrew or Aramaic original is one which has been often made; for many variations in the gospels

might conceivably be due to the choosing of different Greek words by different translators. But while isolated passages can occasionally be explained by this means, the theory of a use of a primitive vanished gospel either breaks down when it is applied consistently, or else has to be so elaborated to fit the complex conditions that it makes confusion worse confounded.

14.—The Fragment Theory

The preface to Luke refers to many predecessors who had drawn up narratives about the life of Jesus. The famous German scholar Schleiermacher made this reference the starting point for a theory of the synoptic gospels in which the notes such as these predecessors may have accumulated are assumed to provide the basis upon which the Synoptists worked. Here once again the theory is suggestive ; such notes might present a great variety of reports of sayings and incidents ; and duplicate narratives might easily result from the use of such fragmentary leaflets. That special ' sources ' have been occasionally used in the Synoptics is very probable. But Luke's solitary reference is not enough to prove the existence of any considerable number of such sources ; there is not any other reason to suppose that such a floating literature was extant, or that it was in accordance with the habits of the time to produce them, at any rate in such quantity as to make them a sufficient basis for the synoptic narratives.

15.—The Priority of Mark

The theories which have been outlined in the last four sections will have indicated something of the labour and skill which has been devoted to the Synoptic Problem ; and though none of these theories provides a satisfactory solution, the brief discussion of them will have served the purpose of showing the nature of the difficulties and the scope of the problem. We pass on next to some definitely established points, and the first is that the Gospel of Mark, either in its present form or in a form very similar to it, was used by both Matthew and Luke in the production of their gospels. This fact is generally summarised as ' The Priority of Mark.' Tradition knows nothing of this priority ; and modern criticism only reached it gradually, by force of the evidence ; but it is now accepted almost universally. The first critic to maintain it was G. C. Storr, 1796. The authority of Griesbach prevented its acceptance at first, but from 1835 onwards it gradually won its way. It has been described as the one absolutely certain result of synoptic investigation.

The chief arguments which prove it are the following :—

1.—*The Argument from Contents.*

Almost the whole of Mark is found in Matthew and Luke.

A glance at what is called a ' Harmony ' of the gospels will readily show this. There is one in the Oxford *Helps to the Study of the Bible.* It will be seen that there is not an incident in Mark which does not find its parallel in Matthew or Luke or both. A few verses, about thirty in all, of Mark, are not in either Matthew or Luke ; but if Mark had been lost, our knowledge of the incidents of the life of Jesus would not have suffered.

This fact was the starting point of the idea that Mark was only the epitomiser of the first and third gospels. But we cannot conceive any motive which would produce an epitome that left out some of the most precious parts of these gospels. As one scholar puts it, ' it is not easy to understand a principle of selection which gave at full length the tragedy of the Baptist's murder, but deliberately omitted the Sermon on the Mount.'

Mark being written first was available for Matthew and Luke to use. They used it.

2.—*The Argument from Order.*

Not only do Matthew and Luke reproduce the contents of Mark, but they follow Mark's order. Mark's first chapter may be taken as an illustration : it may be subdivided into 11 sections.

		Mark	Matt.	Luke
1	The Baptist	1^{1-8}	3^{1-12}	3^{1-18}
2	Baptism of Jesus ..	1^{9-11}	3^{13-17}	3^{21-22}
3	Temptation	1^{12-13}	4^{1-11}	4^{1-13}
4	Return to Galilee ..	1^{14-15}	4^{12-17}	4^{14-15}
5	Call of four Disciples	1^{16-20}	4^{18-22}	5^{1-11}
6	Jesus in Capernaum's Synagogue	1^{21-28}	—	4^{31-37}
7	Cure of Peter's mother-in-law ..	1^{29-31}	8^{14-15}	4^{38-39}
8	Healing at evening..	1^{32-34}	8^{16-17}	4^{40-41}
9	Retirement to desert	$1^{35\ 38}$	—	4^{42-43}
10	Preaching in Galilee	1^{39}	4^{23-25}	4^{44}
11	Healing of Leper ..	1^{40-45}	8^{1-4}	5^{12-16}

It will be seen from this table that Matthew follows Mark's order exactly. He omits No. (6) and (9), replacing them by a summary notice (10) preliminary to his

great section containing the Sermon on the Mount; but after this insertion he goes back to Mark's outline and reports incidents (7), (8), (11).

Luke follows more closely, as his narrative is not broken to admit the Sermon on the Mount at this stage. His only variation is that he moves on (5), Call of Four Disciples, to between (10) and (11). This is plainly an editorial 'improvement'; by it Luke makes the Call of the Four Disciples follow upon a number of public benevolences which might be supposed to attract adherents. And there is a small but clear sign that Luke has varied the order here; for the reference to Simon in 4^{38} as if he were already known, is only clear if the call of Simon had already occurred; as in Mark's order it has already occurred.

The same principle can be traced throughout the Synoptics. If the events of the three be placed in parallel columns, it is Mark's order which accounts for the other two. The only explanation is that Matthew and Luke used Mark; for apart from a few salient points such as the Baptism, Ministry in Galilee, journey to Jerusalem, Crucifixion, there was no knowledge of the exact order in which the events of the life of Jesus had occurred. Mark's order is only roughly chronological.

Matthew and Luke were acquainted with the order of events in Mark's Gospel, and adopted it.

3.—*The Argument from Literary Characteristics.*

(*a*) Mark's Greek is the homeliest of the Synoptics; and there are several cases where Matthew and Luke seem to be substituting more elegant words for his.

(*b*) Mark shows a tendency to say the same thing twice over; and at times Matthew gives one half of his expression while Luke gives the other. Compare the following:—

(1) *Mark.*—His leprosy departed from him and he was cleansed.

Matt.—His leprosy was cleansed.

Luke.—The leprosy departed from him.

(2) *Mark.*—To-day, in this very night.

Matt.—In this very night.

Luke. To-day.

(3) *Mark.*—As evening came, when the sun was setting.

Matt.—As evening came.

Luke.—When the sun was setting.

These instances have been explained in a different manner; but the more probable is the one already suggested, for the duplicating in Mark is in other cases copied by Matthew or Luke without change.

(*c*) Mark uses a number of Aramaic terms, as *Boanerges, Talitha cumi, Corban, Epphatha,* etc. These do not occur in Matthew and Luke; they left them out.

Matthew and Luke knew the text of Mark and 'improved' upon it.

4.—*The Argument from Theological Ideas.*

The argument in this section will only appeal to those who accept its presuppositions; it is less objective than the preceding three, but it seems strong to me.

The portrait of Jesus in Mark is simpler than that of Matthew and Luke, and seems to belong to an earlier period of theological reflection about his nature and mission. The absence of a narrative of miraculous birth is one sign of earlier date. Again, Jesus is in Mark recognised as 'Son of God,' but in a less supernatural character than in either Luke or Matthew. And the account in Mark of the gradual unfolding of the consciousness of being a Messiah is probably most in accordance with the facts of the case. People healed by him, and the demoniacs, hail him in Mark as Messiah; but it is not until within a few days of his death that at Cæsarea Philippi he himself accepts the Messianic rank. Matthew and Luke both preserve the Mark account of the Cæsarea Philippi incident; but as both of them by the birth-stories and other references represent Jesus as Messiah all along, the Cæsarea Philippi incident is meaningless in them. The acceptance of Mark's account as the more historical clears away the difficulty; the inference is that Matthew and Luke are dealing with theological rather than with historical ideas when they represent the Messiahship as known antecedently to the public work of Jesus, and as conscious in himself through all his career.

The portrait of Jesus in Mark was known to Matthew and Luke and underlies their representation of the mission of Jesus.

(*To be continued.*)

If you deprive man of his free agency, you subvert his nature. You may have order from him and regularity, as you may have from the tide and the trade winds, but you put an end to his moral character, to virtue, to merit, to accountability.

HEAVENLY GRACE

JOHN T. TAYLOR

O God of the frost and the snow,
That seem to find every place,
Reminding thy creatures below
'Tis so with thy heavenly grace.

O God of the mist and the rain
That darken and shorten our days,
Give light that thy children again
May sing to thy glory and praise.

O God of the great rushing winds
That toss the great ship like a toy,
Give thou of thy blessing that binds
Thy children in love and in joy.

O God of the billows and waves
That roll on the time-beaten sands,
That play in the caverns and caves
Of happy and unhappy lands;

Give strength like the strength of the tide
To break down the barriers of sin,
To sweep them for ever aside,
While justice and mercy come in.

O God of the valleys and hills
Where sunshine and gloom alternate,
Where men spend their lives at the mills,
And droop like the victims of fate;

O send them the rays of the sun,
Surround them with heavenly light,
Illumine the path that they run,
Make labour more hopeful and bright.

O God of the weak and the strong,
O God of the high and the low,
Let right take the place of all wrong,
And love sweeten sorrow and woe.

JESUS AND THE BOY

W. T. COLYER

At one time or another it must surely have occurred to every male Sunday school teacher to wonder why it is that the character of Jesus, as usually presented, fails so completely to appeal to the ordinary boy. Boys are the most devoted of hero-worshippers; but how often do you find one in whose gallery of heroes the Galilean occupies a conspicuous place? To refer to remoteness of time and place is an easy, but not a satisfactory, explanation. Boys are often attracted by heroes quite as remote as Jesus. The writer, for example, under the influence of Bosworth Smith's volume on Carthage, was for years a fervid worshipper at the shrine of Hannibal; and his case is typical of hundreds. It may be admitted that modern heroes are more generally popular, but that is chiefly because their lives are better known. And we would qualify this admission by expressing doubt whether such men as Shaftesbury, Kingsley, and Gordon are so much admired among boys as many pious writers suppose.

The mention of these three men brings us up against the principal cause of what honestly can only be called the unpopularity of Jesus. For some reason known only to themselves, a large class of religious writers has for generations assumed that God has given to the wicked a practical monopoly of high spirits and initiative,—and, indeed, of almost every brave and manly quality which appeals to the heart of youth. These pious men have been so suspicious of *active* virtues that, whenever they have found a man who was eminently religious, and at the same time eminently loyal, brave, and resourceful, they have discovered some goody-goody story to circulate about him,—in order, one might suppose, to make his memory and his religion despised by all the more enterprising and hopeful of the rising generation. Take the case of Gordon. How many thousands of boys, we wonder, have been regaled with the story that, when in the Soudan, he used to hang a white handkerchief in front of his tent for half an hour every morning while he was engaged in his devotions; and that he gave strict orders that, not even on a matter of life and death, was he to be disturbed during that time? We should also like to know how many of these same boys have been told anything about the things that really give his life its lustre: the refusal to take money from the Chinese Government after its betrayal of the Taiping rebels, for example. If his religion had done nothing more for Gordon than to imbue him with the idea that the punctual saying of prayers is more important than the lives of men, we should do well not to cite him as a model.

So with Jesus, if we have nothing more to tell our boys than that he was 'meek and mild'; and that he said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me,' and 'Whosoever smiteth thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also,' we had better say nothing about him at all. We do not want to associate him in their minds

with pious tags and priggish stories (alleged to be edifying); but to win their allegiance and enthusiasm for the great spiritual truths for which he stood. And if we are to do this at all effectively, it seems to the writer that we must be able to present a very different Jesus from the traditional Jesus. The conceptions of him as a wonder-worker, as the promised Messiah, as the 'Logos,' as the propitiation for sin, and so forth,—whatever their value for others,—have no message for the ordinary, healthy, human boy. What he needs to see in Jesus is the hero who hated shams, who always championed the cause of the weak and the oppressed, and who was sent at last to the Cross, because he refused to be false to the highest he knew. To meet this need we shall, of course, have to use great care in selecting incidents and laying the stresses; for it is useless to pretend that the Gospel narratives, as they stand, are well adapted to our purpose. The portrait of Jesus that we want is, indeed, to be found in the Gospels; but it has to be looked for. It is not the portrait which any of the Evangelists was *trying* to draw. The consideration of the principles which should be followed in making the selection and laying the stresses is, however, a matter beyond the scope of our present purpose, which is not to outline a method of teaching, but to lodge a protest against the common practice of talking and writing about the greatest hero the world has seen as though he were little better than an amiable milksop.

DEUS ERAT VERBUM

W. LAWRENCE SCHROEDER, M.A.

A man of no creeds I, but one who strives
To read the living word in star and sun,
In meadow-lands where crispèd waters run
Melodious ways, in blinding flash that rives
The rugged oak, in tender lowly lives
Of moss and weed, in flowers chaste as nun
That ever when her orisons were done
Yielded herself to him who all contrives.
But clearer than the word in Nature writ
Is that high message of the mind of man
Which runs enchantingly thro' Art and Song,
And ripples merrily in lightsome wit,
And sounds a solemn note in prophet-ban
And fierce denunciation of wild wrong.

—*W.L.S.*

HEROES OF FAITH

ALBERT THORNHILL, M.A.

IV. William Tyndale

Among the names of the men who have made England great none shines out with brighter lustre than that of William Tyndale, and none should be held in greater reverence. Perhaps, up to now, he has not been among your list of heroes, and you wonder what battles he fought, and what brave exploits he accomplished, that he should be so great. I will try to tell you. He gave us our English Bible, and for doing this was strangled and burned. Possibly the Bible does not interest you as yet. It cannot fail to interest you when you know what heroes of faith like William Tyndale endured in their attempt to bring it within the reach of the very poorest; and when you know all that the Bible has done in making England great and free. The words by which we express our deepest thoughts are Bible words for the most part, words which William Tyndale wrote to express the thoughts of Jesus and the prophets. Up to his day these thoughts had been written in Latin and Greek, which few could read. Now words may seem small things in themselves, and silence is sometimes golden, but none of us could get on without them. The richer our thoughts the more we feel the need of a great choice of noble words in which to utter them. What would the poets do without words? What would the men who write books do without them? How would great preachers and orators express their high thoughts and move the hearts of men? All our English poets, and especially the greatest, like Shakespeare and Milton and Wordsworth, use many words which they learned from our English Bible. Greater still is the debt which prose writers, like Bunyan or John Ruskin, owe to this great book, which they studied more than any other. Preachers too make the Bible their chief study, and find in it the source of their inspiration and language—'a well of English undefiled.' Even great political orators, like the late John Bright and William Ewart Gladstone, were close students of the Bible. And I cannot but think that if we all studied the Bible as carefully and lovingly as the great men whom I have just named we should speak a purer language and think nobler

thoughts, and live better lives than we do. It was because William Tyndale thought the Bible the most wonderful book in the world that he devoted his life to the task of translating it into the English language.

Tyndale's Early Years

He was born on the borders of Wales, probably in Gloucestershire, about the year 1480. We know little of his boyhood beyond the fact that he was sent quite early to the University of Oxford to be trained for a priest. He was there during the time that brave John Colet was urging men to turn their minds from the study of strange doctrines to the life-giving words of Jesus, and the letters of St. Paul. He must have heard the lectures of John Colet talked about, even if he did not hear the lecturer himself. If he did hear him he must have been deeply impressed by that sincerity and saintliness which made men speak of Colet as 'like one inspired.' In any case young William Tyndale began to learn Greek so that he might study the New Testament in that ancient language, and he was ready to welcome the appearance of the Greek edition which Erasmus brought out in the year 1517.

Tyndale at Cambridge

Erasmus, you will remember, had taught Greek for two years at Cambridge, and there William Tyndale went to open classes for the study of Erasmus's Greek Testament. This was a bold thing to do, because some of the hardest critics of Erasmus were leading members of the Cambridge University; and we can well believe that they would make the work of Tyndale as difficult as possible. Indeed, from this time to the end of his life Tyndale had to contend with bitter opposition. But his stay at Cambridge was not in vain. Not only did he study more deeply than before; he also learned to know a little company of reformers whose aims were like his own. Of them the chief was Thomas Bilney, who was afterwards martyred, and of whom we shall hear again when we learn the story of Hugh Latimer—another great hero of faith.

Tyndale as Tutor

On leaving Cambridge William Tyndale returned to his native county and became tutor to the children of Sir John Welch, of Little Sodbury, a wealthy knight who often invited the leading Church dignitaries of the district to his house. Often they talked of Erasmus and his writings; and of Martin Luther, who was exciting all Europe by his bold stand against the wicked trade in pardons carried on in the name of the Pope. Now William Tyndale deeply sympathised with the work that Luther was doing, and as we know he had carefully studied the writings of Erasmus; and so he was able to correct the erroneous opinions of those abbots, and deans, and others, who were so prejudiced against the reforms these great men were trying to bring about. These Church dignitaries feared that if the people could read the Bible for themselves they would no longer respect the priests, the bishops, and the Pope; and they thought it wrong to question anything done by the Pope's authority. But though Erasmus and Luther differed on many things they both agreed that it was better to teach men to refrain from sin and to live right and true lives, than to delude them with the idea that they could buy forgiveness for money. When William Tyndale took the side of Luther and Erasmus the visitors to Sir John Welch's house got angry and began to cherish a dislike against him, and to incite Sir John and Lady Welch against him. Then Tyndale translated Erasmus's book called 'The Manual of a Christian Soldier,' and gave a copy to his master and mistress. This so influenced their minds that the doctors and prelates were not invited so often as before; whereupon their anger increased, and it began to be whispered abroad that Tyndale was a *heretic*. False charges were made against him before the Chancellor of the diocese, and he was summoned to answer for his opinions, but escaped with a severe reprimand and threats. He was encouraged, however, to find that others shared his opinions though in secret.

Tyndale's Vow

On one occasion when disputing with a priest he made the vow which sums up the purpose of his life. The priest had said: 'We were better to be without God's laws than the Pope's,' and in this statement he expressed the prevailing opinion of his class. This Tyndale could not endure, and he cried: 'I defy the Pope and all his laws,' and he added that if God spared him life ere many years had passed

he would cause the boy that drove the plough to know more of the scripture than this priest. The cry of heresy now became stronger and stronger against Tyndale and, fearing lest he might bring trouble to Sir John and Lady Welch, he left them and went to London. He had heard of Bishop Tonstal, of London, as being a friend of Erasmus, and hoped he might be helped by the Bishop in his self-imposed task of translating the Bible into English. But the Bishop did not favour him, and, had it not been for the friendly help of Humphrey Monmouth, an alderman of the city, Tyndale would have suffered great hardship at this time. For a year he remained in London working at his great purpose, and studying the condition of religion in the city. He was shocked to find great prelates living worldly lives, and to hear the poor superstitious trash that passed for preaching.

Tyndale goes to Antwerp

Finding that he did not make sufficient progress he determined to seek the advice and help of Martin Luther, and aided by a handsome gift of £10 from Humphrey Monmouth he travelled to Germany. Later he settled down at Antwerp, where there was a little colony of English traders, and several reformers of like spirit with his own, who set up a printing press so that they might circulate noble and elevating literature among their fellow-countrymen at home. Tyndale convinced his friends that the greatest service they could render was by printing the Bible in the common speech of the English people, so that all men might plainly see the meaning of the text and be able to judge for themselves between the claims of the clergy and the words of Jesus.

By the year 1526 the entire New Testament was finished. At the end of it Tyndale placed a letter in which he expressed the wish that if any error were found in his translation the learned would amend it. But, correct or incorrect, the priestly party in England refused to have it. They tried to make the people believe that it was full of heresy. Others said it was impossible to translate the Scriptures into English; and others that it was not permissible for the people to have it, as it would make them heretics. To get the king on their side they said it would make the people rebel against his authority. Faced by all this unreasoned and angry opposition Tyndale and his friends found it hard to get their Testaments into England; and they had to smuggle them in bales of merchandise. Once in the country they were bought up with great rapidity. The people everywhere were eager to get them; though the priests might cry 'heresy'! Then Tonstal, Bishop of London, to stop them being circulated, tried to buy them up, and through the agency of a merchant, named Packington quite half of the first edition was secured, and they were publicly burnt in St. Paul's Churchyard, London. But the worthy merchant had secretly conveyed the money to Tyndale and his friends at Antwerp, and by means of it fresh editions were brought out, corrected and improved, and the precious book was more widely circulated than ever.

The Old Testament Translated

Then Tyndale entered on the larger task of translating the Old Testament, and it was circulated book by book until in 1529 the entire Bible was completed. But not before the brave translator had suffered a serious set-back, for while sailing to Hamburg, where he intended to print the first five books of the Old Testament, he was shipwrecked and lost all his books and papers, and had to begin all again.

Other books there were which Tyndale wrote exhorting men to live Christian and pure lives. His own example was, however, worth many books. Fox tells us that he spent Monday and Saturday each week in going about the poorer quarters of Antwerp seeking out poor refugees from England, and comforting and relieving them. The rest of the week he toiled diligently at his translation, and on Sunday he would read portions to the English merchants at one of their houses: 'the which proceeded so fruitfully, sweetly, and gently from him that it was a heavenly comfort and joy to the audience.' I do not think we can imagine how deep and heartfelt that joy must have been in thousands of souls. Even in our day there is no book whose words sound so sweet as those of the English Bible; there are no words which are so gracious and healing and helpful, and none which vibrate through the secret chambers of the soul so

searchingly and yet so healingly. What, then, must have been the experience of the poor men and women of England who in 1526 heard these words for the first time ! The message of Jesus, and the words in which it was expressed, must have sounded like heavenly music.

Victory for the Bible

But the bishops and priests would have none of it, and in 1527 they got a law passed prohibiting its circulation. But the supply still came and people still purchased it.

The baffled bishops appealed to King Henry VIII, but he gave them cold comfort. He asked them to point out any heresy in it, which they could not ; and then told them to go and correct any errors, which they would not. Years passed and the King called the bishops before him to see what had been done. Finding that no steps had been taken to make a better translation, Miles Coverdale was authorised by Thomas Cromwell, the King's Chancellor, to compile a complete English Bible. He had helped Tyndale a little in his work of translating the Old Testament, and now collected all Tyndale's scattered versions into one volume. This was printed in 1535 and published in 1536, with the sanction of the King. Within sixteen years from that time over 100,000 copies were being read all over England ; so eager were the common people to read the sacred volume, or to hear it read by those better educated among them. At last it was possible for ' the boy that followed the plough to know as much of the scripture ' as the bishop in his palace. William Tyndale's vow was fulfilled.

Tyndale Martyred

It is sad to reflect that he never knew of his own great triumph. Early in 1535 there came to Antwerp one Henry Philips, who sought Tyndale out in his lodgings and won his confidence. One day as they were leaving the house Tyndale was suddenly seized by two officers whom Philips had kept lying in wait (for he was a paid spy of the priestly party in England), and carried to prison near Brussels. There he lay for a year and a half awaiting the sentence of the Emperor Charles V, by whose decree he was strangled, and his body burnt, on the 6th of October, 1536. With his dying breath he cried : ' Lord, open the eyes of the King of England.' Happily for England those eyes had been so far opened that while the martyr was gasping out his dying prayer, the fruit of his life's work was feeding the hungry souls of thousands of his fellow-countrymen. And to this day, when we open our English Bibles and read its life-giving words, we are reading for the most part the words and the phrases of the scholar, saint, and martyr William Tyndale.

V.—Hugh Latimer

When William Tyndale was pining in prison in the Castle of Vilvorde, near Brussels, there was one prominent Englishman who wrote against the crime of persecuting so good and great a man. This was Hugh Latimer, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester. He was a younger man by ten years than Tyndale, having been born in 1490 at the Leicestershire village of Thurcaston. He was a good and plain-spoken Englishman, proud to think that his father was a yeoman who had fought in his country's battles. He recalled with satisfaction the fact that this soldier yeoman had taught him in youth to shoot straight with bow and arrow, while yet his limbs were supple and his eye clear. It was time well spent, though he never was a soldier, for no doubt this exercise prepared him for the stern warfare of life, and drilled him in the habit of saying clearly what he meant and making his ideas understood. Perhaps too it made him fearless, for no man ever lived who cared less what others might think or say or do.

Latimer becomes a Reformer

He was sent at an early age to Cambridge to prepare for his career as a priest. At that time he was a strong opponent of the work being done by Martin Luther and Erasmus. When he took his B.A. degree, his Latin speech was in strong opposition to the writings of Luther's able helper, Philip Melancthon. Perhaps he did not suspect that there was among his hearers one who felt moved with pity for his erroneous opinions. This was Thomas Bilney, the friend of William Tyndale. Bilney called upon Latimer and talked with him about the great work Luther was doing in trying to root out the wrongs which the Pope was inflicting on the Church. He told him also of the teaching

of the New Testament which Erasmus had recently brought out, so that men might know the pure teaching of Jesus. The result was that Hugh Latimer began, as he tells us, ' to smell the word of God,' and instead of condemning the reformers he became one of the most earnest reformers of his time. You will some day learn how John Wesley and his friends formed a little society at Oxford and preached and taught and visited the poor, and the prisoners in jail, two hundred years after the time of Hugh Latimer. The ' Methodists ' were really copying the example of Bilney and Latimer, and a few others who began a similar work at Cambridge two centuries before. These reformers were very much in earnest, and they made a deep impression upon the men of their time.

Latimer as a Preacher

Like John Colet, Latimer wished to see a great improvement in the lives of the clergy. By far the greater number of them could not preach. They could only mumble through the service, or hear confession, and impose penance. They could not explain scripture, nor tell the people the plain meaning of the words of Jesus. Hugh Latimer felt that this was the chief work of a minister, and so he made preaching his most important object in life. Soon he became known as the greatest preacher in the University. The scholars flocked to hear him, and we are told that they took great notice of his teaching. It was just the kind of teaching that Colet loved, and that William Tyndale would heartily approve. For Latimer openly claimed that the scriptures ought to be read in the English tongue by all Christian people whatever their station. He condemned most rigorously all the foolish worship of images, and the setting up of candles before saints and shrines, and the habit of going on pilgrimage to holy wells and tombs of saints, which were supposed by many to atone for evil actions and vicious lives. He also very severely condemned those clergymen who neglected their work and failed to teach their parishioners. And so earnest were his words that they left a deep impression upon his hearers— ' certain pricks and stings which moved them to consent unto his teaching,' so that ' those who went like Æsop's frog puffed up with pride,' when asked how they liked him, said : ' There was never man spake like unto this man.' It became a common saying : ' When Strafford read, and Latimer preached, then was Cambridge blessed.'

The Bishop's Visit

Naturally so powerful and outspoken a preacher excited the anger of those whom he condemned. One day while he was in the midst of his sermon the proud and worldly Bishop of Ely came into the church accompanied by a large and princely train. He thought that by coming at that time he would be able to catch Latimer in his talk, and so report against him to the great Cardinal Wolsey. Latimer, having waited till the Bishop was seated, calmly said : ' It is meet that a new audience requireth a new theme.' He then spoke very earnestly and directly to the Bishop upon the duties he owed to God in his high office. The Bishop thanked Latimer, but complained to Cardinal Wolsey, who sent for the bold preacher, and on hearing his own report of what he had said, bade him preach it to the Bishop's beard. He then gave Latimer a licence to preach all over England.

A Testing Time

Soon after this experience there came to Latimer one of those great trials that prove whether men are heroes or cowards. Thomas Bilney was put to death for heresy; and the question was who should lead the little reforming party at Cambridge of which he had been the head. A similar question came to Jesus, you will remember, when Herod shut John the Baptist in prison and slew him. Although Herod sought Jesus ' to slay him,' he went calmly on with his great mission. Latimer copied the example of Jesus in this act of heroic courage and became the leader of the Cambridge reformers. No doubt you have read in your history books of the wish of King Henry VIII to be divorced from Queen Catharine, and you will know that the Pope kept delaying his judgment until the King's patience was exhausted. At this time Dr. Cranmer's opinion was asked, and he advised the King to have the question settled by learned men in England, and to ignore the Pope. In this opinion Hugh Latimer concurred.

Latimer becomes King's Chaplain

Perhaps because of this the King made Latimer his chaplain, and for a time he was able to declare his bold message to the courtiers and high officers of state. He bade the Lord Chancellor not to take bribes, but to hear the appeals of poor men, and to fear no man in giving just judgment. He was just as fearless in his attacks upon the Bishops, and urged them, if they would not learn of God and good men, to learn of the devil, who was the most diligent prelate in all England. With equal directness he told the King to remember that he would have to account for all the blood that he had shed by his sword, and he even wrote him a strong letter against the persecution of William Tyndale. Rough and bold words, these, for a King's chaplain ; but they were much needed in those harsh times. Still they were not agreeable, and for a time Latimer fell into disfavour, and was sent away to his parish of West Kingston, where he preached and worked with such zeal that the idle clergy became alarmed, and he was summoned to answer for his teaching before a court of bishops. He was saved from harm, however, by the intervention of the King, who now wanted Latimer's aid, and made him Bishop of Worcester.

Latimer Defies the Law

We have seen how harmful he felt the images in churches to be. He now stripped his cathedral of them and sent them up to London to feed the fires of Smithfield. He was even required to take part in the condemnation of Catholics to the stake for heresy ; for now the King had severed the connection of England with the Pope, and many good men who believed that the Pope was supreme head of the Church were condemned to death. Such were the dreadful happenings of that stern age in which men were expected to change their religion at the will of the King ! Soon indeed the King changed back again, and an act was passed compelling men to believe once more all the most superstitious doctrines of the Catholic Church, or suffer dreadful penalties. Latimer, who would not change at the bidding of the King, resigned his bishopric. For this brave act he was kept under watch by the Bishop of Chichester for a year, after which he was put in prison in the Tower of London till the death of the King a year later. Then when the boyish Edward was King he was set free and permitted to live in a room in Lambeth Palace with Archbishop Cranmer. He preached at times with much of his old power, and gave liberally of his means to the poor ; but felt too feeble and ill to accept his old bishopric which was offered to him. Soon the young King died, and Queen Mary came to the throne. Then occurred another of those sudden changes of that eventful time, for the Queen was a stern Catholic and insisted that her subjects should be Catholics too. She induced Parliament to revive the cruel laws for burning heretics, and men were hired in every parish to spy out those who held fast to their Protestant principles.

The Marian Martyrs

Then began one of the saddest times in English annals. Old men, and young maidens, brave boys, and men in the prime of life were carried off by scores and hundreds, to burn for their faith in man's power to interpret the Bible without the aid of priest or pope. Even Archbishop Cranmer was cast into prison, and Latimer, aged and ailing, was arrested and after a time sent to the common gaol at Oxford. There too they brought Cranmer and Dr. Ridley, the good Bishop of Rochester. These three are known as the Oxford martyrs because they perished there, rather than admit the right of the Pope to compel them to deny their consciences. I have seen the spot where they were burned hundreds of times, and never pass it without feeling that it was made holy ground by their heroic fortitude in death. The object of the authorities in bringing them to Oxford was that they might argue the matter out with their opponents. But Latimer felt that all argument was vain, and that death was certain, and so he was silent to the end, except for his declaration that the Pope was subject to the words of scripture, that the bread and wine in the sacrament never change, and that he had nothing to recant. Again and again he thanked God that his life had been prolonged that he might glorify him by the martyr's death ; and he prayed that God would spare the Princess Elizabeth to rule over a Protestant nation. He and Dr. Ridley were condemned to die together.

How Hugh Latimer died

On the morning of October 16, 1555, the two were led out to the place of burning near Balliol College. 'Latimer very quietly suffered his keeper to pull off his hose and other apparel, which was very simple; and now being stripped to his shroud he seemed as comely a person to them that were present as one could desire to see; and though in his clothes he appeared a withered and crooked old man, he now stood upright. . . . Then they brought a fagot and laid it down at Ridley's feet. To whom Latimer spake in this manner: Be of good comfort, brother Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England as I trust shall never be put out.' Then 'he received the fire as if embracing it. After he had stroked his face with his hands and as it were bathed them a little in the fire, he soon died as it appears with very little pain.' 'Thus much,' says Fox, the faithful chronicler of these heroic incidents, 'concerning the end of this old and ever blessed servant of God, Bishop Latimer, for whose laborious services, fruitful life, and constant death the whole realm has cause to give thanks to Almighty God.'

'MRS. GASKELL AND LOWER MOSLEY STREET'

A. COBDEN SMITH

THE name of 'Gaskell' is a household word to the members who have been cradled among the historic traditions of the Lower Mosley Street Schools; and any occasion which serves to give it greater prominence we hail with joy, as it is linked with hallowed memories and cherished associations. Our close connection with Cross Street Chapel enables us to share in the remembrance that from the opening of our Sacred Shrine of Nonconformity, in 1672, Nathaniel Gaskell began the long succession of ancestors whose devotion none carried to a higher level of faithfulness than the Rev. William Gaskell during his fifty-six years' ministry. For thirty-three years that ministry was enriched with the loving companionship of Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell, the wife of his affection; and it is to her memory, her association with this institution, her kindly and unselfish labours among the homes of our scholars, that we desire to pay a warm and grateful tribute.

Indeed, Mrs. Gaskell speaks to us to-day. Her influence still lives in our midst. There are those yet remaining whom she taught in the old days. In scattered households, not only in Manchester, but in every part of the world, children's children are made familiar with the story of her labour of love in the Sunday School. The tokens of affection for the scholars she gathered round her in Lower Mosley Street, and at her home in Plymouth Grove, are treasured by loving hands. These things unite the past with the present, so that the name of Mrs. Gaskell is imperishable as a saintly memory to those of us whose privilege it is to carry forward the great work which inspired her noble service.

While the literary world commemorates the centenary of her birth, and embraces the event to make known again the fame of Mrs. Gaskell as a novelist and writer, it is especially the occasion for us to honour the closer and more personal associations with our own Sunday school, and recall the memories of the days when the influence of her example was a living source of inspiration to those who gathered round her. Among the many tributes which have appeared in newspapers and magazines, this part of her life stands almost alone with scarcely any recognition. Yet the names of Mrs. Gaskell and Lower Mosley Street are inseparably linked together. They touch upon a most fruitful and inspiring period of her career, and very few are aware of the influence which this institution wrought upon the heart and mind of Mrs. Gaskell from the time she first became acquainted with it in 1832 as the '*Mosley Street Unitarian Sunday School,*' and, later, from its removal and establishment in 1836, as the '*Lower Mosley Street Day and Sunday School.*' In our Annual Reports her name appears until a short time before her death, so that during the years of her married life she retained an unbroken connection with these schools. Hence this field of her labours concerns a very important part of her career.

Early Associations

It is not for me to attempt anything approaching the story of her life. The main features are well known. What is

yet untold is the personal account revealing the woman herself during the progress of her life. We know something of her early associations. All her connections and relations were Unitarians. That was the faith of her mother, who died shortly after the birth of her famous daughter. Her father, William Stevenson, was trained for the ministry, and for a short time officiated as the minister of Dob Lane Unitarian Chapel, Failsworth. Then, like Travers Madge, he gave up the calling, because he had scruples against what he looked upon as a '*hired ministry*.' But William Stevenson was a man of sterling character, who paid the highest regard to conscientious principles. '*When God will not use thee in one kind*,' wrote Mrs. Gaskell afterwards, '*yet he will in another. A soul that desires to serve and honour him shall never want opportunity to do it.*' The influence of his strong and heroic manhood made a great impression upon her. As long as she lived she reverenced the example of her father. From him she inherited her great intellectual gifts. The ties of sympathy and affection that marked their devotion to each other are among the most beautiful and touching incidents of her life. And if you want to know what it is that shines in all exemplary character, that exalts the true greatness of famous men and women, it is the respect, the reverence, the honour they have paid to their parents. Mrs. Gaskell was great in honouring her father. She reflected in her own life the same noble elements of character, and it was a great grief when in her nineteenth year he passed away.

Not long afterwards she visited Newcastle-on-Tyne, and stayed at the house of a Unitarian minister, the Rev. William Turner. With the members of his family there continued the most cordial and friendly relations. It is not known how long she stayed at Newcastle, but it is generally accepted that she visited there during two succeeding winters. One daughter of the family married the Rev. John Gooch Robberds, then senior minister of Cross Street Chapel. It was during one of her visits to Mr. and Mrs. Robberds at Greenheys that she first met the Rev. William Gaskell, the colleague of Mr. Robberds at Cross Street. At once there began that warm attachment which, after a short engagement, led to their marriage at Knutsford on 30th August, 1832. Relatives and friends rejoiced in the union of that happy pair. On all hands the expressions of satisfaction centred, not only on the youthful bride who was to shed such lustre in coming days upon her home life, but also on the bright and promising career of the Rev. William Gaskell, whose culture and scholarly gifts were already becoming widely known. It was an ideal marriage. All that is known reveals a real union which made home a living sanctuary, radiant with a mutual affection consecrated to each other's happiness.

Personal Characteristics

Mrs. Gaskell was fortunate in the beginning of her married life. She and her gifted husband were not without means of their own, and it was not necessary for them to practise a rigid economy in their household. What also favoured her as the wife of a prominent Unitarian minister, was the fine opportunity then opened out of taking her place amongst the well-known families connected with Cross Street Chapel, and to come into touch with the pulsating and vigorous life amid the working classes of which Mosley Street Unitarian Sunday School was at that time the centre. And with such a unique field, and fine scope for rendering a great service, Mrs. Gaskell possessed those personal characteristics which eminently fitted her to become a great power for good. A new world was opened out to her, and she had the heart, as well as brilliant intellectual gifts, to make the most of it.

And what, we may ask, were those personal features which were destined to distinguish her influence? From what we are told, Mrs. Gaskell had exceptional charms that soon won the hearts of all associated with her. Her beauty made an impression no less remarkable than her goodness; and there was her bright, hopeful, and winning disposition as well as the trustful, loving sympathy, ready to brighten and care for the lives of others. In one of her sketches of those early Manchester days, said to be true of herself, Mrs. Gaskell gives us glimpses of her experiences. 'One day,' she writes, 'after she had passed a number of men, several of whom had paid her the not unusual compliment of wishing she was their sweetheart, one of the lingerers

added, " Your bonny face, my lass, makes the day look brighter." And another day, as she was unconsciously smiling at some passing thought, she was addressed by a poorly dressed, middle-aged workman with " You may well smile, my lass ; many a one would smile to have such a bonny face." '

But whatever may be said of the sweetness of her presence, she was loved for her goodness. The radiance of her sunny spirit was strengthened by a deeply religious nature. Her faith gave stimulus to the purity of a noble purpose. Think of those favourite lines of hers which have almost become a commonplace in nearly every sketch of her career, and you see the indication of her hold upon the unseen realities of the Divine life. She said with Tennyson :—

' Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood ;

That nothing walks with aimless feet ;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void
When God hath made the pile complete.'

And if there be one of the many passages of scripture which reveal the robustness of her faith, it is that favourite utterance of her religious experience, which enabled her to say, ' Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.'

If the world wants to know whether it is possible for a human soul, nurtured amid Unitarian traditions which seek no aid from dogma, creed, or orthodox belief, to realise the hidden sources of spiritual life, an example is given in Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell. She takes her place with Mary Carpenter, Frances Power Cobb, Sarah Flower Adams, Mary Somerville, and, I will venture to add, Florence Nightingale, as the noble type of a Unitarian who fathomed the deepest experiences of the life in God. So then she was a woman radiant with faith, hope, and love,—the supreme graces which shine in the highest examples of Christian character. Endowed as Mrs. Gaskell was with the personal charms of beauty, a true womanly heart and a high, exalted purpose, she found in the busy Manchester life during a critical and trying period, the opportunity of becoming a blessing to mankind.

Sunday School Activities

There is one feature about Mrs. Gaskell which is noticeable at this period. She no sooner settled in Manchester than she ' steadily and consistently objected to her time being considered as belonging in any way to her husband's congregation for the purpose of congregational visiting, and to being looked to for that leadership in congregational work which is too often expected of the " minister's wife." ' What she did was of her own choice and desire. Nevertheless, many in their trials and sorrows experienced a full measure of her sympathy, and learned to love her for her thoughtful kindness and help. The one place she did unite in willing service was the Sunday school at its first home in that cellar-warehouse under the Unitarian Chapel in Mosley Street. The scholars interested her. They were drawn from the poorest classes. It was a new world for the one who had never known of humble and struggling conditions, and she saw the importance of the moral and religious instruction afforded, as well as the usefulness of the library, sick-club, saving-fund, and clothing-fund which were long continued, and even to this day are part of our work. For instance, the ' Sick and Burial Society,' now in such a flourishing condition, was established in 1823. Moreover, the children of the poor flocked to the Sunday school, because the means of education were very scanty in those days Few had other opportunities of learning to read and write, and the Teachers' Meeting found it necessary in organising the work to appoint someone regularly to sharpen the quill-pens and look after the slates, pencils, and writing-books. It speaks volumes to us that Mrs. Gaskell was a teacher of the Sunday school, and formed one among the splendid band of workers whose names I gladly recall—Nicholson, Herford, Robberds, Aspden, Swanwick, Darbishire, Ewart, Hall, Heywood, Potter, Wood, and Lamport.

That was a critical time when they were turned out of the Sunday school in Mosley Street through the Chapel being sold. From Christmas, 1834, to May, 1836, the scholars had no school, and I remember the late Mr. Robert D. Darbishire telling me how the scholars met in rooms in different buildings. Well might the committee issue a stirring appeal and state that ' they

would think it an insult to two such congregations as Cross Street and Mosley Street, to suppose for a moment that they were willing to be the only religious societies in the town not assisting in the important work of affording to the children of the poor, opportunities of useful and especially moral and religious instruction.' I know no more critical period in our history than those seventeen months, when the Sunday school was without a home, and the excellent work carried on for twenty-six years interrupted. But the stirring appeal was not without magnificent results. A building fund of nearly £3,000 was raised, out of which a loan of £800 was guaranteed by six gentlemen—S. Alcock, S. D. Darbishire, John Hall, Alexander Henry, M. Schunck, and J. A. Turner.

It is not my purpose to speak further of that temporary interruption of the work, or indicate what it meant to the poor children drawn from the surrounding districts, from Ancoats and Miles Platting, and even from Newton Heath. But you may be sure that Mrs. Gaskell rendered all the help in her power during those days of difficulty. She, with others, rejoiced when the scholars of the Mosley Street School were established on the 21st May, 1836, in a building of their own, to be known henceforth as the 'Lower Mosley Street Day and Sunday School.' We are indebted to Mr. Egbert Steinthal for his painting which preserves for us the picture of 'The Old School.' It is a welcome addition to our memorials of the past, and I only regret that there is no picture to be found of the first building we occupied in Mosley Street as it was during those early years of the nineteenth century.

Lower Mosley Street owes a great deal to the late Richard Wade, who did so much to preserve the records as well as the story of this institution. I remember him telling me of Mrs. Gaskell's interest in the Sunday school, and of the class of girls she gathered round her. Her household duties prevented her carrying on the work at the school, so she arranged for them to attend regularly at her house. Mrs. Smethurst, who happily is still with us, remembers those days. Another scholar tells of the joy manifested by children, who gladly welcomed Mrs. Gaskell's return after holidays, and looked forward to the stories she used to tell them. A contributor to the 'Unitarian Herald,' 18th November, 1865, relates of Mrs. Gaskell: 'She was also much interested in the elder girls at Lower Mosley Street Sunday School, and for several years carried out a plan of having them at her own house once a month on Sunday afternoons, when she read and talked with them, and, as one of these old pupils expressed it, "seemed to divine what was in our hearts before we spoke it." She also gave up Saturday evenings for some time, for the purpose of teaching them geography and English history; and these afternoons and evenings are still held in cherished remembrance by those who attended them.' In visiting the homes of old scholars, and from Richard Wade, I have been able to find out the names of some of those who thus came under the direct influence of Mrs. Gaskell. One I have already referred to is Mrs. Smethurst. Other names include Sarah Higgins, better known as Mrs. Richard Wade; Ann Royle, the mother of Robert Swift; Ann Rowlands, who became Mrs. Brown; Harriet Bates; Miss Hadfield, latterly Mrs. John Hadfield; and Lizzie Fergusson, now Mrs. Large, who resides in New Zealand. One who was a companion of these, if not of the same class, was Miss Hankinson, still remembered as Mrs. Brooke Herford.

Exemplary Women

In addition to many who valued the interest Mrs. Gaskell took in their welfare, there were exemplary women of whom it may be said 'They lived for the school.' Mary Robberds, better known as Mrs. Charles Herford, and in many respects a kindred spirit with Mrs. Gaskell, won the warm attachment of a wide circle of scholars by the simplicity and purity of her character. She is to be honoured amongst the noblest women of Lower Mosley Street; and Mrs. Charles Herford was one of the first to give a tribute to the memory of her honoured friend. I must also refer to the two devoted sisters, Susannah and Catherine Winkworth. Their 'Memorials,' recently published, furnish an account of their work as teachers of Lower Mosley Street, and they became close and intimate friends of Mrs. Gaskell. The elder sister has preserved a personal description, in which she says, 'When we first knew Mrs. Gaskell she had not yet become cele-

brated, but from the earliest days of our intercourse with her we were struck with her genius. The more we knew of her the more we admired her. She was a noble looking woman, with a queenly presence; and her high, broad, serene brow and finely-cut mobile features were lighted up by a constantly varying play of expression as she poured forth her wonderful talk. It was like the gleaming ripple and rush of a clear deep stream in sunshine. All her great intellectual gifts,—her quick, keen observation, her marvellous memory, her wealth of imaginative power, her rare felicity of instinct, her graceful and racy humour—were so warmed by sympathy and feeling, that while actually with her you were less conscious of her power than of her charm.'

It is impossible for me adequately to express the debt of gratitude this school owes to the exemplary band of saintly women who laboured to advance its progress. Their names, along with Mrs. Gaskell's, are imperishable. Look at their fine record!—Miss Hall, and her sister, Mary Hall, with more than forty years' continuous service; Miss Jane Alcock's faithful devotion for upwards of thirty years; and the same unbroken service of Miss Ewart. Rejoice as we do in the memories of Mrs Gaskell, they are inseparable from the consecrated toil of remarkable women whose honoured succession has been carried along to recent days by those no less faithful than Miss Julia Gaskell and Miss Alice Salomonson. I know of nothing to equal this record in the progress of any religious institution.

Travers Madge

Another link which associates Mrs. Gaskell with Lower Mosley Street is her co-operation with the work of Travers Madge. The fame of his saintly character and remarkable spirituality has passed beyond our own borders. He united the homes of our own scholars with the Sunday school, and no one gave him greater encouragement and supported him in his endeavours more warmly than Mrs. Gaskell. No one will ever know how much she owed to her association with Travers Madge for her insight into Manchester home-life. Moreover, when he began the 'Sunday School Penny Magazine,' the first publication of the Manchester District Sunday School Association, his work as editor was supported by Mrs. Gaskell in the contribution of stories for its pages. 'More than one beautiful story in those early volumes,' says Brooke Herford, 'bears the name of Mrs. Gaskell, the authoress of "Mary Barton," and always a willing helper of Travers in all his good work.' They were stories of childhood, one of which is entitled 'Bessie's Troubles at Home.' This great gift of hers—for Mrs. Gaskell was always a good story-teller—was one of her principal charms in teaching her scholars. Miss Winkworth, in writing of her power, says: 'No one ever came near her in the gift of telling a story. In her hands the simplest incident—a meeting in the street, a talk with a factory girl, a country walk, an old family history—became picturesque and vivid and interesting. Her fun, her pathos, her graphic touches, her sympathetic insight, were inimitable.'

Vivid Impressions

There was in all the teeming life within and around the Sunday school the most varied phases of existence which indeed made vivid impressions upon the mind and heart of Mrs. Gaskell. They kindled the imagination and provided her with ample material to voice the needs of the poor. Take away these impressions gained from her associations with Lower Mosley Street, which inspired her devotion to the humblest classes, and her interest in neglected, fallen, and degraded humanity drawn from the slums and prisons, and it would be impossible to conceive how such stories as 'Mary Barton' and 'Ruth' could have been written. The incident told of the Rev. William Gaskell, as he realises the bitter anguish and overwhelming sorrow of his devoted wife after the loss of their only boy, placing pen and paper before her and suggesting that she should write down the vivid impressions of her experiences, is an indication of the profound influence of those days. She was to give to the world those glimpses of life drawn from actual experience, and the revelation of her power became the common possession of humanity. A writer in describing her labours in connection with Lower Mosley Street Sunday School says, 'In all this work she was unconsciously acquiring that sympathetic insight into the character of our

northern manufacturing poor, which has been one of the strongest elements of her literary success.' It presented a real insight into the pressing needs bound up with the moving aspects of a living social problem.

An Imperishable Memory

And what more shall I say? It is not within my province to speak of the wonderful fame she achieved among the novelists of the nineteenth century. The story of her success is known to you all. There is, however, one incident which immediately concerns us. She wrote 'Mary Barton' out of the impressions she gained here in our centre of busy Manchester life; and when she received her parcel of books from her publishers she sought her scholars and presented them with the first copies of her famous novel. Some of these cherished gifts are still treasured in our households. Only the other day Mr. J. H. Pimley said to me, 'I have the copy of "Mary Barton" Mrs. Gaskell gave to Ann Royle, my wife's mother, who was one of her scholars.' Others can tell how these tokens of Mrs. Gaskell's kindness are cherished with pride and affection. But should any of them ever wonder what to do with their valuable gifts, Mr. J. Albert Green, of the Moss Side Library, would welcome the opportunity of placing a copy in the excellent collection there of Gaskell Memorials.

But meanwhile we honour the memory of Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell. She belongs to our own temple of illustrious worthies whose names have gone forth to inspire others with the power of their examples. The Lower Mosley Street Schools have largely helped to make men and women fit for a glorious work in the great field of human industry. They were the inspiration of Travers Madge. His spiritual power shone in the lives of Susannah and Catherine Winkworth, and sent Brooke Herford into a ministry which left a deep impression on both sides of the Atlantic. The influence of this institution kindled the soul of Joseph Freeston, and sent him forth as a Christian minister. The succession continued, and we do well to honour their names as the opportunities arise. We think of Julia Gaskell, and remember with gratitude how throughout the greater part of her life she taught here with the same sympathy and interest in her scholars which shine so conspicuously in the long and cherished associations of the Gaskell family. Nor do we forget what these schools owe to the thoughtful kindness and generous help which still link Miss Gaskell to us in the gratitude of our fellowship.

So on this occasion we join in giving our tributes of honour and affection to Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell, and rejoice at the centenary of her birth, which commemorates her example, her fame, her character, and her brilliant genius. The lesson of her life, and the memory of the influence she radiated among all who came in contact with her, tell us of the grandeur of the opportunities which come alike to all who can seize them to enrich the common good. And just as she willingly gave of her days to enlighten, cheer, and inspire the scholars of this Sunday school in the old days, so may Lower Mosley Street never lack the faithful men and women who are first in religion, foremost in sharing the duties of instructing the young, and examples of the utmost self-sacrifice for the carrying on of our best traditions.

That is the meaning of the life of Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell; and all who become familiar with her example as a woman may see that with all the joys, wealth, and fame which came to her, she never stepped aside from the duty of serving her generation. Then the end came, and the Rev. James Drummond, the colleague at that time of the Rev. William Gaskell, spoke of it in words with which I conclude:

'In the height of her powers, surrounded by a circle bright with the sunshine of her presence, and amidst the charm of her conversation, she received the mysterious messenger, and bowed her head submissive to his call. Her own wish was granted. She experienced no declining faculties, no wearying illness; and for her such a departure is blessed.'

Content stands not so high but a man on the ground can reach it.

The best and most important part of a man's education is that which he gives himself.

Variety is the very spice of life that gives it all its flavour.—*Cowper.*

The assertion 'I can alter my life and break the chain of habit' is an echo of the eternal act of creation.—*Arnold Toynbee.*

Let the children have liberty. Be honest with them and fair. Be just; be tender; and they will make you rich in love and joy.—*Ingersoll.*

A TALK TO SCHOLARS

R. P. FARLEY, B.A.

Not so very long ago it was supposed by people who were quite well-intentioned and in many ways reasonable folk, that many of the impulses of children were to be suppressed; that little children, for instance, instead of behaving as healthy children would do if not disturbed by interfering adults, were to sit in rows, quite still, like little wooden angels, while some rather severe teacher pumped information into them. But at the beginning of the Twentieth Century we are beginning to have some insight into the minds of children, and learning that instead of suppressing their restlessness, which is only energy without a useful outlet, we must give children something to do. And so here and there in good schools and institutions in various parts of the world one hears how children are encouraged to do all manner of useful and interesting things which, if they continue them when they are grown up, will make their lives full of worth and beauty and intelligence. The other day some of you perhaps read or heard of what has been done in the municipal elementary school at Blackley to help children to see the beauty and the wonder of nature through the cultivation of flowers in their own homes, in parlours, and sometimes even in backyards. Here is a cutting about it from one of our best English newspapers. 'What is known as arbour-day has become a fixed anniversary in the school calendar. Each year the children plant trees in a chosen street, and day by day they watch with interest the development of their handiwork. Then, in the playground of the school, tiny plots are set apart for cultivation by the pupils. The variety of the flowers and vegetables to be found in these plots is equalled only by the jealous care with which the youngsters tend their charges. Always, of course, there is the head master at hand to give any needed advice, or, what is more important, to spread abroad a spirit of enthusiasm.'

But young people can do much more difficult things than that, and even almost without the help of teachers or overseers. In England we have long been accustomed to other nations sending us their goods to be manufactured, and we have at last begun to welcome something else which other nations are often able to send us, something which is often better than commodities for manufacture, namely, ideas. So, many of us are interested to read about what has been done by some American young people, and feel quite sure that our lads and lasses could do it also if they tried. This is called the George Junior Republic, so called because founded by W. R. George of New York city. The idea of it is to instil habits of obedience to law, thrift, self-reliance, self-control, and good citizenship into boys and girls of from about fourteen to twenty years of age, who perhaps, like many young people of that age in our own large towns, are in danger of becoming not very useful and perhaps downright bad men and women. Here are a few lines from an American writer who describes this Junior State. 'The young people buy and sell, have little or much according to their earnings, live in either homes or hotels, live under and enforce the laws of New York State, *plus a few special ones of their own*, have their own system of civil and criminal courts, a jail, police, bank, store, school, shops, a newspaper, a church, just the same as in the big republic, the only essential difference between their village and any other in the township is the fact that the inhabitants thereof become voting citizens at the age of fourteen instead of twenty-one. The Association owns or controls over three hundred acres of land, with about thirty buildings. There is a total population, including helpers, of about one hundred and ninety people.'

Perhaps some of you elder scholars then would consider whether you could not take over from the teachers, who, although you do not think of it now, are often tired and overworked, the management of ever so many departments that are to be found in most large schools. Why should you not manage the school bank, the library, the gymnastic classes at your school or church, the ambulance classes, the window-gardening association, the summer excursions; and above all, if anybody in the school did anything unworthy of a Christian or unworthy of the high objects for which our schools are founded, why not try him or her before a judge and jury of his fellow scholars? The young folks at Freeville, Tompkins County, New York, can do it.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE CHILD

A PLEA FOR THE SOUL

JOHN K. MELVILLE

THE fact of our being workers in the Sunday School is indicative of a desire on our part to do what little we can to influence in the right direction the young lives there temporarily entrusted to our care. It is our desire so to train and control their development that when they are grown up and playing their part as men and women in the stress and turmoil of the world, and faced with the necessity for deciding between the many and varied ideals of conduct therein presented to them, they will find themselves trained and equipped to decide in harmony with their highest nature and in accordance with the natural law; which decision alone can assure the future of the society to which they belong.

What do we mean by the progress of society? Progress means something that is to be different and better than it is to-day. The very idea of progress lifts us at once out of the present and projects our thoughts into the future. The hackneyed answer to the query you all know—'The greatest good to the greatest number.' Quite right! but if progress has reference not to to-day, do not make any mistake as to where the greatest number is. It can never be here to-day. It is always to be!

What do we mean by our highest nature? We are all often too painfully aware of what we at once describe as our lower nature—that part of us which is more or less eagerly battling with our present environment in our daily struggle of money-grabbing and food-getting. It is a part of us of which we are in a degree ashamed, and none of us hesitate in reply to our query to say that our highest nature is something very different. It is, we say, that part of us from which spring our ideas and ideals, which tell us what we may be; and in thus laying claim to this spiritual or future life as our highest nature we implicitly transfer the controlling principle of our lives out of the present into the future. As we said of society so do we say of ourselves: 'We are not here to-day—we are always to be!'

What is the Natural Law? Self-sacrifice or Love in its religious and widest sense: a Love which constrains its possessors to disregard and set at nought all present advantages and consistently pursue that course of action which has alone for its object the happiness and advantage of others.

This law of love and self-sacrifice goes to the very root of the law of evolution, *is* the law of evolution. It is the outstanding and most important feature of the principle underlying all development, as enunciated by Darwin and developed by his successors.

To-day it is a commonplace to say that the race lay with the species which developed the most favourable variations. Every one to-day speaks glibly of the survival of the fittest, and is as ready to give as the reason the one I have just stated, but did you ever ask to whose advantage did any one of these favourable variations tend? Workers in the field of biology since Darwin's time have made a most significant discovery, or, if you like, amplification of his theory, namely, that the new variation was favourable only to the young or future generations and is never advantageous to the living members at any given time. To the most cursory student of the law of development on evolutionary lines it is needless to repeat that as we rise in the scale the period of lactation is gradually lengthened until we arrive at man, who has the longest, as he is the highest of the animal kingdom. As the variations favourable to the children—to the future of the species—have increased so have the disadvantages to the parents, to the present members of the species, multiplied also. Thus is Nature ever calling us to sacrifice all present advantages in favour of the future. Ever careless of the present individual, she has safeguarded the interests of the coming generations with a care and watchfulness which is nowhere excelled. That is why we say self-sacrifice is the root principle of evolution. Without *it* we would not have been—without *it* we could never be!

But you say this is no new thing! It all depends on how you look at it. Go, search in every book and manuscript, on every hieroglyphic stone or baked brick, in any of the many and varied quarters where

man has stored and preserved his intellectual discoveries and achievements; you will not find it there till you hold in your hand a book which saw the light but as yesterday. It is brand new!—if you look at it from the intellectual standpoint.

But the mighty and far-seeing intellect of man has to give place to something in him which is mightier and more far-seeing than it can ever be, for what the intellect has only discovered after long and patient toil was revealed to and uttered out of the mouths of babes and sucklings.

It all depends, I say, on how you look at it. Go, search in all the books and manuscripts, on all the baked bricks and monuments where man has stored and recorded his intuitional or soul discoveries—and you will find it every time! To his soul it is old as the hills. The soul is the first discoverer, the real pioneer in the search for wisdom, and the intellect—the servant of the soul—comes toiling painfully after. The soul is the true seer. It does not stop to give reasons—it very often cannot. That inferior function it leaves to its inferior, the intellect, which, working with its blunter tools, may take—as in the case I have just reviewed—a matter of two thousand years to build the platform for itself which its master stood on so many, many years before.

If then we propose to try to fit the children to play their true part in the progress of civilisation, we must come to the task with an appreciation of the fact that that progress is not solely due to intellectual causes. I would go further and say that these have not even an equal share, but must be ranked as contributing in a secondary degree to this great end.

That is why it is so necessary to keep a watchful eye on education. Education is such a dangerous thing—that is, education which is more or less a training of the intellect. It doth not suffer long, and can be cruel at times, it is envious, is puffed up, behaveth itself unseemly, seeketh its own, can be provoked and take account of evil, rejoiceth in unrighteousness, and has not infrequently been known to condemn the truth or at least fail to recognise it when perhaps it was clear as noonday to less educated men.

The intellect deals with the present and the things of to-day, has to do with external things, controls the outward relations of man to man, but in a cold-blooded and calculating way. It sees things as they are without reference to you or me.

I do not know if at any previous period in our history the cry has gone abroad with greater and more overwhelming insistence, 'educate! educate!' By publicists and statesmen alike, of all shades of opinion, we are asked to believe that the only hope for this or any other country, if it is to hold its own in the ever-increasing stress of competition, is to 'educate!' 'educate!' And we go on every year spending more millions on schools and teaching apparatus, blindly groping for a salvation which is believed to proceed from a knowledge of the qualities which pertain to the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle, or standing in awe before the possessor of a diploma of modern or ancient languages, overlooking in our blindness that 'though we speak with the tongues of men . . . and have all knowledge,' we may yet be 'as sounding brass or a clanging cymbal.'

The intellect is too calculating and careful of the present to provide that sanction for the kind of conduct which alone can insure the progress of society by sacrificing the present. It can never understand that 'whoso loseth his life shall find it.' When over-developed and uncurbed it is dominating and selfish, seeking a present happiness which is fatal to the progress of society, as it is death-dealing to our highest nature. We have only to look at France to-day. Probably the most intellectual, it is at once the most socially inefficient of the nations in our Western civilisation.

The intellect overlays the soul unless we are very careful. That is why so many people are stunted and stultified by their very education, which has in so many cases smothered their mother wit and suffocated their soul.

Now I would not have you think that the intellect ought to be despised altogether. To its credit can justly be placed many great and necessary achievements—many things which have very considerably contributed to making this world a better and happier place to live in. But the day school is attending to its requirements, and that with such an increasing demand on the time at its disposal, that a large section of the community is clamouring to lay hold of the remaining and almost infinitesimal

portion still retained for the teaching derived from the Bible. This is not the time, neither is it my purpose just now, to enter into the merits or demerits of this so-called Bible teaching. That the teaching given under that name may very often be not spiritual at all but purely sectarian or denominational, I am not going to discuss. If there is anything wrong with it, the fault does not lie with the Bible. My point is, that the Bible—apart, in the meantime, from how it is used—is the symbol of the spiritual, stands for the soul as against the merely intellectual.

This then is our chance. Make the Sunday school stand for the soul. Let its relationship to the child be first and last that of soul-developer. As the church should be to the parent, so ought the Sunday school to be to the child—inspirational. To depart from that is to descend to a lower plane and to lose sight of the important function it can be made to fulfil in providing that religious or altruistic sanction for conduct which all nature declares is indispensable, and without which no society, however intellectual, can hope to survive.

That is the sum total of my thesis—the 'head and front' of my appeal. And if the function of the Sunday school be not primarily or even at all an intellectual one, the corollary of that is that we teachers need not necessarily be what the world calls intellectual. We are not in the Sunday school to give 'information.' The children are already getting on six days of the week as much if not more than they can profitably assimilate. Do you know where and how Paul died? No; then don't trouble to look it up—except for your own intellectual satisfaction or curiosity. The children don't want to know, and their instinctive wisdom is deeper than you would guess, for they don't need to know. But tell them how he lived, how he strove 'every day to live out all the truth that he dreamt.' And if you tell them *that* in the right way, giving your own best feelings free play, inspired by your subject, your intellect will not fail to provide you with illustration out of your own experience; neither will you fail to interest and inspire the children. And having done that your task is finished, and they will find out for themselves where and how he died.

In our estimates of other people we are very apt to go astray by basing our judgment on purely external and sometimes superficial matters. Again, in spite of all apparent evidence to the contrary, we sometimes feel impelled to admit a feeling of repulsion, and say—

'I do not like thee, Dr. Fell.'

Our inward spirit revolts in spite of the intellectual sanction granted by our other senses. Now in correspondence with this is the fact that we are sometimes inclined to under-estimate the faculty possessed by the children for soul-seeing. We all know the proverb while we as often as not fail to remember the truth that underlies the saying that 'they're no guid wha dougs and bairns dinna like.' Unspoiled as yet by intellectual attainments, they are better able to penetrate the cloak of convention behind which we adults are so ready to hide our true selves and by which we have correspondingly reduced our faculty for seeing, to a level below that credited to dogs and children.

Do not under-estimate the children and you will not fall into the error of attempting to overawe them or of winning their regard by parading your cleverness, your intellectual superiority, or any such mental frippery. They will see through your cloak every time, and while they may condescend to remain quiet you will never really reach their inmost hearts. And if you look into their eyes deeply you will almost see a shade of sadness that you have thus stood aloof from them because they are ready to take you into their hearts and love you, ay! and worship you too. But to attain to this summit of perfection of being loved by children you must become as one of these and be a child again amongst them.

Now it follows as a matter of course that if we rely primarily on our soul to show us the right attitude and method to adopt with the children, we must also primarily rely on theirs when we approach the question of what we are to tell them. And what better can we do for them than to make as clear as we can that they too have within them a light, a power, a soul akin to that which is over all.

We can never repeat too often, working as we may do up from illustrations of ordinary everyday incidents, that the first and last thing for them to rely on in all

difficulties is just their own best and kindliest feelings.

Inspire them with an unfailing trust in these, and you give them to themselves.

As you trust your own soul, show them the glory of trusting their own.

I am not here to lay down a scheme of lessons—I wouldn't, even supposing I had one. But use all advantages, cultures, intellects, books, and schemes which you think may help you, always taking care that you don't produce these to the children and leave yourself out. And above all bring your love, your love of the children and their heart-creeping ways, and it will make all else plain.

I have but touched the fringe of a great subject, and only now is it apparent how much more I might add. But if I have even nearly succeeded in making my thesis plain, you will know yourselves what these additions would be. But whether I have made it plain to you or not, my firm conviction remains that only on these lines can the Sunday school be to the child what the child has a right to expect it to be.

THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN

F. W. G. FOAT, M.A., Lit.D.

THOSE who heard my short speech recently at Essex Hall would gather that I am impressed by the unconscious arrogance of much of our treatment of childhood and our adult attitude to it. On that occasion we were discussing the worth of the theory that children may in general be said to be in the same relation to us in which tadpoles are to frogs. I don't know enough about the biology of frog-life to discuss the analogy in any detail, but I ventured to deny that it was in any high degree true or useful. Indeed, if I rightly gauge the estimate of adult wisdom and superiority which it seems to indicate, I should even regard it as pernicious, and likely to cause long delay in our educational reform.

If I am to understand that the tadpole theory implies a difference of kind between us and children, then I reply without hesitation that it is the cause of much mischief. Children are not tadpoles in relation to our froghood. They are young people of our own kind, and the difference is one of degree. Even the new sex endowment of puberty which marks the greatest change (the nearest analogy to the tadpole-frog change) is far less new than most of our educational practice in home and school allows. Sex interests, rudimentary at first, begin almost with life ; and dreadful are the blunders which we are committing through our persistent ignoring of the fact.

Children are interested in *all* that interests us ; and their training in all our activities must begin with their life. Civic, parental, scientific, artistic, religious and other interests all belong, *in proper degree*, to the life of childhood, and no true educator or educationist ignores this. But what is the ' proper degree ' ? Well, that cannot be known to the casual inquirer, only to the serious student of the problems. The present chaos will, I think, be ended by increasing attention to the actual problems, and they cannot be worked out on paper, but must be done as medical work is done, in contact with the living body and mind.

Now, our educational affairs are almost all arranged on paper—at Whitehall, in the preacher's study, at the editor's desk. Government departments, parental conclaves, and Sunday school authorities are for the most part dealing with a child-world which *does not actually exist.*

On the other hand, Baden Powell's Scouts, Boys' and Girls' Brigades, and athletic games, for instance, belong to a child-world relatively real. The world of sport (cricket, for example, an invention of boys themselves) is a place where we may all work together, adults and children, with mutual benefit. Let the tadpole theory be tested on the cricket field.

The present crisis is the choice between the two methods, the two worlds. Sunday schools, being freer than Council schools, may make the right choice sooner. I earnestly beg the Editor to use the weight of the SUNDAY SCHOOL QUARTERLY to guide public thinking in this crisis. The old ineffective Sunday School, a poor copy of the irrational Day School, must disappear. The Sunday School of the future will have a new atmosphere—the atmosphere of a camp of Boy Scouts, the atmosphere of a children's party, the atmosphere of a well-conducted nursery, the atmosphere of a

lively public meeting—far rather than the atmosphere of the stuffy class-room or the solemn church.

Physically and morally, we must open the windows and let in fresh air! The Sunday School which survives from last century has a close, unhealthy odour. It must be ventilated. Literally we must give the children better air and more room. Spiritually, we must restore our languid childhood and our jaded parentage by opening the windows of our paper-schemes and letting *in* to our life those diviner airs which blow healthfully through all the free spirit of man from the breezy uplands of the Eternal Hills.

A PILGRIM IN DICKENS' LONDON

ARNOLD BROADBENT

SOME of the most delightful Saturday afternoons that I have spent in London have been devoted to the exploration of those out-of-the-way corners of the great metropolis which Charles Dickens knew so well and described so faithfully. It is now some years since I undertook these pilgrimages, and the following account must therefore be taken as correctly descriptive of London as it appeared at that time, since when the destructive pick of the L.C.C. navvy has played havoc with many of Dickens' favourite haunts. Despite this fact, there still remain many spots which preserve their Dickensian appearances.

The Inns of Court, which still flourish in the neighbourhood of High Holborn, are particularly rich in reminiscences. There is, for instance, Staple Inn, entered through an old archway under the mediæval houses opposite Grays Inn Road, where may still be seen 'the corner house, in the little inner quadrangle, presenting in black and white over its ugly portal the mysterious inscription, "P.J.T. 1747" . . . Perhaps John Thomas . . . Perhaps Joe Tyler . . . and also, if P.J.T., in seventeen hundred and forty-seven, drank such wines as Mr. Grewgious brought up from the cellar, then, for a certainty, P.J.T. was Pretty Jolly Too.' (Edwin Drood, Chapter II.)

There is also Gray's Inn, larger and more imposing, with its memories of Traddles and the Devonshire girls and of Copperfield's stumbling upstairs and putting his foot in a hole 'where the Honourable Society of Grays Inn had left a plank deficient'; of Mr. Perker, the legal adviser of Mr. Pickwick; and a host of others.

Of Furnival's Inn where Dickens himself lived for some time after his marriage, and where 'The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club' were written, nothing now remains, the site being obscured by the immense offices of the Prudential Assurance Company on the north side of Holborn. Barnard's Inn, where Pip and his great expectations had chambers, also is no more; this is particularly unfortunate, if we may trust Dickens' descriptions of it. Pip's first impressions, as recorded in Chapter 21 of 'Great Expectations,' do not appear to have been very favourable. He says, 'I had supposed that establishment to be an hotel kept by Mr. Barnard, to which the "Blue Boar" in our town was a mere public house. Whereas I now found Barnard to be a disembodied spirit, or a fiction, and his inn the dingiest collection of shabby buildings ever squeezed together in a rank corner as a club for tom-cats.' Closer acquaintance does not seem to have increased Pip's regard, for a little further on in the same chapter he says, 'A frowzy mourning of soot and smoke attired this forlorn creation of Barnard, and it had strewed ashes on its head, and was undergoing penance and humiliation as a mere dusthole.' And other people's opinions on the subject were not less uncomplimentary. Witness Joe Gargery, the blacksmith, 'Which I hope as you gets your elths in this close spot,' said Joe, confidentially, 'for the present may be a wery good Inn, and I believe its character do stand i; but I wouldn't keep a pig in it myself—not in the case that I wished him to fatten wholesome, and to eat with a meller flavour on him.'

Thavies Inn is a little No Thoroughfare off Holborn Circus, 'a narrow street of high houses, like on oblong cistern to hold the fog,' as Esther Summerson describes it on the occasion of her first visit to the Jellybys. The description is still appropriate, and the railings are still to be seen through which one of the young Jellybys pushed his head on that occasion, and was unable to extricate it, despite the efforts

of the milkman and the beadle, who ' with the kindest intentions possible, were endeavouring to drag him back by the legs, under the general impression that his skull was compressible by those means.'

These are the lesser known of the Inns. Lincoln's Inn is known to everyone, and recalls the long and tedious action of Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce with its central figure of Miss Flite, ' a little mad old woman in a squeezed bonnet, who was always in court from its sitting to its rising, and always expecting some incomprehensible judgment in her favour.' Sergeant Snubbin, counsel for the defence in the immortal case of Bardell *v.* Pickwick, had chambers in this Inn, and the offices of Messrs. Kenge and Carboy were situated in Old Square.

Passing through the silent quadrangles (they are always very quiet and somnolent on Saturday afternoons), Lincoln's Inn Fields are eventually reached—' the pleasant fields where the sheep are all made into parchment, the goats into wigs, and the pasture into chaff.' Number 58 on the western side, was once the residence of John Forster, the biographer of Charles Dickens, and it finds a place in the pages of ' Bleak House ' as the residence of Mr. Tulkinghorn. There it is described as follows : ' In a large house, formerly a house of state, lives Mr. Tulkinghorn. It is let off in sets of chambers now ; and in these shrunken fragments of its greatness lawyers lie, like maggots in nuts. But its roomy staircases, passages and antechambers still remain ; and even its painted ceiling, where Allegory in Roman helmet and celestial linen sprawls among balustrades and pillars, flowers, clouds, and big-legged boys, and makes the head ache, as would seem to be Allegory's object always, more or less.'

In Portsmouth Street, by the south-western end of Lincoln's Inn, is ' The Old Curiosity Shop Immortalised by Charles Dickens,' according to the legend painted on its front. But it is to be feared that it is little more than a legend indeed, for does not Dickens assure us, in the last chapter of the book which bears its name, that ' the old house had long ago been pulled down, and a fine broad road was in its place ' ?

Until so recently as 1898 there existed not far from here an old-fashioned tavern known as the ' Old George IVth,' which has been identified as the original of the ' Magpie and Stump ' of ' Pickwick.' A modern gin-palace of resplendent appearance now offends the eye in its place, but one can readily imagine the appearance of the ancient hostelry from the description given in Chapter 20. ' In the lower windows, which were decorated with curtains of a saffron hue, dangled two or three printed cards, bearing reference to Devonshire cider and Dantzic spruce ; while a large black board, announcing in white letters to an enlightened public that there were 500,000 barrels of double stout in the cellars of the establishment, left the mind in a state of not unpleasing doubt and uncertainty as to the precise direction in the bowels of the earth in which this mighty cavern might be supposed to extend. When we add that the weather-beaten signboard bore the half-obliterated semblance of a magpie intently eyeing a crooked streak of brown paint, which the neighbours had been taught from infancy to consider as the " stump," we have said all that need be said of the exterior of the edifice.'

Branching off Portsmouth Street in an easterly direction is Portugal Street, where, it may be remembered, was situated Mr. Tony Weller's favourite house of call. Until a few years ago, this tavern existed under the appropriate name of the ' Horse and Groom,' but only the site now remains to be venerated by the pilgrim. Immediately opposite, there once stood that ' Temple dedicated to the Genius of Seediness,' the Insolvent Court, ' whose fate it has been, time out of mind,' says Dickens, ' to be held and understood, by the general consent of all the destitute shabby-genteel people in London, as their common resort and place of daily refuge.' (Pickwick, Chapter 43.)

Across the Strand, in a narrow alley called Strand Lane, which runs down to the Embankment a little to the east of Somerset House, is situated the old Roman bath in which David Copperfield used to enjoy his morning dip. It is said to be over two thousand years old, and to be lined with white marble, but as I have not had the pleasure of seeing it, I cannot vouch for the accuracy of these statements. There is a notice board outside the house (No. 5, on the left hand side) which says

that the bath is only open to visitors at a certain hour on Saturday mornings, and from the generally neglected appearance of the place, I should judge that it is now permanently closed. Still, I may be wrong.

I have not space to describe in this short article more of the places that I explored; but I cannot refrain from remarking that nothing has impressed more deeply on my mind the reality of Dickens' characters than these journeyings into their haunts. One ceases to regard them as mere creatures of the novelist's imagination when one is treading the hallowed ground; to the pilgrim, they become living, breathing realities.

NOTES FOR TEACHERS

XXX.—XXXVI.

Three Lessons on the Doctrine of the Atonement

ARTHUR W. FOX, M.A.

XXX.—The Scriptural Doctrine. I

I.—The word *Atonement*, i.e., *At-one-ment*, or the *setting at one*.

This word is only once found in the *New Testament*, Rom. v. 2. 'Jesus Christ, through whom we have now received the *atonement*,' that is, *reconciliation*.

II.—The teaching of Jesus with reference to sin and forgiveness.

This will be found in St. Luke xv. 11–end. In the story of the *Prodigal Son*, forgiveness is secured: (1) by repentance, (2) by coming back to the Father, (3) by acknowledging the sin. Jesus never gives a hint of the doctrine of *original sin*, dating from Adam's Fall. That is a Jewish doctrine imported into Christianity by St. Paul, and worked out in its modern form by Augustine of Hippo.

III.—The teaching of St. Paul.

St. Paul was a *Rabbi* profoundly impressed by the Pharisaism, in which he had been educated by Gamaliel. The Old Testament has much to say about *Atonement*. Lev. xvi. 33: 'And the priest shall make an atonement for the *holy sanctuary*; and he shall make an atonement for the *tabernacle of the congregation*, and for the *altar*; and he shall make an atonement for the *priests*, and for *all the people of the congregation*.' That is, by *sacrifice* he shall cleanse the sanctuary, the altar, the priests, and the people from *ceremonial uncleanness*, that is, breaches of the rigorous ceremonial law. No atonement is mentioned for *moral sins*. That, as the prophets abundantly show, must be obtained by repentance. (Isaiah lv. 6–7; Jeremiah xxvi. 2, 3; Ezekiel xviii. 21–23.) St. Paul in I Cor. xv. 45–49, teaches the following doctrine. *Adam* was the first man of the earthly creation, who by his disobedience brought death into the world; Jesus was the 'man out of heaven,' who by his death brought everlasting life to those who believed in him. In other words, Adam was the first of the earthly creation doomed to death by his sin; Jesus was the first of the heavenly creation, who by his death won immortality. Once more St. Paul teaches that all men are sinners, who are reconciled or *brought back to God* by Jesus. II Cor. v. 17–20: 'Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away, behold all things are become new. And all things are of God, who hath reconciled us *to* himself through Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation; to wit, that God was in Christ, reconciling the world to himself—not imputing their trespasses unto them; and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation. Now then, we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you through us; we pray you, in Christ's stead, *be ye reconciled to God*.' Note the meaning of this passage. God is not spoken of as needing to be *reconciled to man*. St. Paul never teaches any such doctrine. It is man, who has wandered away from God, who needs to be *brought back* to him, or made *at one* with him. That is achieved by a whole-hearted faith in Christ, the 'man out of heaven,' who was born into the world to lead back God's children to him and to make them *at one* with him.

This, in the Apostle's idea, Jesus did by his life, but more especially by his *death* and *rising* from the dead. Those who were true disciples of Jesus would be sharers of this *rising* from the dead.

The figurative language of St. Paul was misread by later thinkers, who interpreted literally such expressions as 'bought with a price,' which simply means that Jesus *gave his life* as the price of bringing men

to be *at one* with God. Note.—Whenever the word *blood* is used in this connection, it means neither more nor less than *life*. 'For the *blood is the life*.'

XXXI.—St. John and Afterwards. II

IV.—St. John's conception of the death of Christ.

a. No doctrine of *Original Sin*.

In St. John's teaching the mission of Jesus had nothing to do with Adam's sin. Adam's name does not occur either in the Gospel or the First Letter. The Apostle, if indeed he wrote these works, has no such theory of *Atonement* in his writings.

(*b*) Jesus the *Divine Word*.

God's method of revealing himself, according to John, to his children was by what is called his *Reason* or *Word*, a kind of spiritual emanation from himself, whereby he made the world and inspired the Prophets. St. John i. 14: 'And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us; and we saw its glory, as of a father's only-begotten son.' This Divine inspiration was poured into the soul of Jesus, that he might make men 'one with him in God:' St. John xvii. 2. Eternal life was to be the portion of all who recognised Jesus as sent by 'the only true God:' St. John xvii. 3. Herein there is no notion of a Sacrificial Atonement, such as is taught to-day.

(*c*) Jesus as the *Paschal Lamb*.

The Jews celebrated the Passover in memory of their deliverance from Egypt, by killing a lamb. In St. John's idea Jesus was the Paschal Lamb, who offered up himself to 'take away the sin of the world,' that is, of those who accepted him as the Christ of God: St. John i. 29. That is the only notion of sacrifice in the mission of Jesus, his self-sacrifice, for which he was born into the world. So those who were to have a part in Christ's kingdom are said to partake of his *flesh* and *blood*: St. John vi. 51, 53–55. This is to us a harsh figure, which means that all who are true disciples of Jesus must make his life theirs, and so find eternal life. So Jesus by his self-sacrifice was said to be the *propitiation for our sins*: I John iv. 9–10. By this is meant that Jesus offered up himself to redeem men from sins, that is, to make them, by making his life theirs, free from sins.

(*d*) The writings of St. John are mystical, but it is quite clear that he did not teach two things: (1) That Jesus came to do away with the effect of Adam's sin. (2) That he did not take away the consequences of the sins of men; but that they would find forgiveness by making his life theirs.

V.—*The Letter to the Hebrews*.

This is also a mystical writing, the object of which is to shew that Jesus was 'a high priest forever after the order of Melchisedek:' Heb. vi. 20. By offering up himself to save his fellows from sin he was both *high priest* and *victim*. By trust in him all men are made new creatures, and are able to participate in his life. Thus the central doctrine of the *Letter to the Hebrews* is *self-sacrifice* to serve others.

VI.—*Other and later theories*.

Gradually these mystical conceptions of the mission of Jesus were extended, as Greek thought was adopted into Christian doctrine. The Apostolic Fathers, who immediately succeded the Apostles, held the simple view expressed by *Polycarp*, 8. 'Jesus Christ, who took up our sins in his own body upon the tree, who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth, but for our sakes he endured all things, that we might live with him. Let us therefore become imitators of his endurance; and if we should suffer for his name's sake, glorify him. For he gave this *example* to us in his own person, and we believed this.' That is, Jesus gave us an *example* of self-denial and sinlessness, which we should follow. The modern theory of the Atonement is not here.

XXXII.—The Completed Doctrine. III

Origen, A.D. 185–255.

Origen held that we were sold to the devil for our sins, and that Christ paid the *price* of his *blood* to redeem us. Opp. ii. 486: 'Paul affirms, *we are bought with a price*; therefore we must have been bought from *someone*, whose *slaves we were*; and demanded *what price he pleased* that he might dismiss those, whom he held (in bondage). But it was the *devil* who *held us*: for to him we had been given over for our sins. Wherefore he demanded the blood of Christ as the price of our redemption.' How opposed is this to the teaching of Jesus, who told us that God our Father loves his children, and whose

doctrine of the forgiveness of sins depends solely upon repentance (St. Luke xv. 11–end).

Augustine of Hippo, A.D. 354–430.

To Augustine we owe the scheme of salvation which is taught in the popular churches to-day. The following are briefly the points of his doctrine: (1) God the Father made man perfect, with free will and subject to law, which he himself had first made. (2) The devil tempted Adam through Eve to break this law. (3) Being the first man and woman, who were thus sold to the devil, their descendants were involved in the sin of their first parents. (4) The devil had fairly earned his price namely the *blood of Christ*, to let man go. (5) The broken law could only be satisfied and God the Father's wrath appeased by the death of God the Son, who for this purpose was forced to take upon himself a human body and to suffer for the sins of the race. (6) Thus God the Son by satisfying the broken law of God the Father, was able to do away the taint of Original Sin, that is, liability for Adam's sin. (7) Thus the whole of the human race, because of the sin of their first father, were predestined to an eternal hell at the bidding of the devil. Such very briefly are the chief points of Augustine's doctrine of the Atonement. Contrast this elaborate scheme with the simple and tender teaching of Jesus, who set forth his teaching on this important point in the parable of the Prodigal Son (St. Luke xv. 11–end).

John Calvin, A.D. 1509–1564.

John Calvin, the Swiss reformer, as he may be called, though he was by birth a Frenchman, was a profound student of St. Paul through the distorted medium of Augustine of Hippo. In his *Institutes* he added to the doctrine of the Atonement as described above the terrible doctrine of Election: that is, that God the Father, before the world was, had chosen some of his children for eternal life and others for eternal torment. Perhaps this was the completest form of the doctrine of the Atonement, to which nothing has been added, but from which much has been taken away.

The Book of Common Prayer.

Article ii.—'The Son truly suffered and was crucified . . . *to reconcile his Father to us*: and to be a sacrifice, not only for Original Guilt, but also for the actual sins of men.' So too we can only get rid of the penalty for our sins by believing in the merits of Jesus Christ (Article xi.). This doctrine is plainly contrary to the teaching of Jesus and St. Paul. Jesus taught us that *repentance* alone could win forgiveness from God himself. St. Paul taught us that Jesus was born into the world to bring men back to God, not to reconcile God to men.

Conclusion.

The orthodox doctrine of the Atonement is not taught by Jesus himself, nor in the first century after his death. It is a mixture of Jewish theology, Greek philosophy, and Christianity. The true teaching concerning sin is found in St. Luke xv. 11–end.

XXXIII.—As you go into the Stadium

F. J. GOULD

BABBLING over gravel, the river Alpheus runs westward to the blue water-field of the Mediterranean Sea. If you stand on the bank of Alpheus, and look across the vale, you see the pine trees grow dark on the sides of the Hill of Cronus. The vale is seven miles long and one mile broad, and is named Olympia. In old days, this Olympia was the most famous spot in the world for games, and the people who took part in the games were the Greeks. None but Greek men and Greek boys might share the noble exercises. No slave might see the races, the boxing, the wrestling, the chariot-rides. Maidens might watch, but not married women.

Part of the vale was closed in by stone walls, and in this space rose temples to the gods, and altars. Statues looked with quiet and stately faces upon the gay scene. Gay, indeed; for in and out of this Olympian square passed a great multitude of men and boys, and laughing girls Once every four years the games were held, and folk swarmed hither from all quarters of Greece. Nor did men merely come for the games. A poet would attend in order to read his poem to the listening crowd; a history writer would recite his tale of princes, chiefs, and wars and sieges. Merchants would bring their goods for sale. Artists would show their pictures, their terra-cotta figures, their pretty painted pots.

The father of the gods and of men was

Zeus, and at Olympia was built a glorious house in his honour, and in this temple was the wonder of the world,—an image of the Father. It was composed of white shining ivory from the tusks of elephants, and of gold from the mines. The image of Zeus was seated on a throne adorned with gold and precious stones and white ivory and black wood of the ebony tree. In the god's right hand was held a woman-figure, meaning Victory ; and in his left a metal sceptre and on the sceptre a royal eagle. The sandals of the god were of gold, and so also was the robe ; and on the robe one could see animals and lilies. Whoever gazed at the bearded face of Zeus and looked into the Father's kingly eyes, felt that he beheld something splendid and yet awful ; and people called it the most beautiful image on earth. The maker of it was Phidias, and the children and children's children of this artist,—and only they,—were allowed the honour of keeping the statue in good repair, by rubbing oil on the ivory to prevent it cracking, and so on ; and these caretakers of the figure of Zeus had the proud name of the Burnishers of the Image.

Now it was a very great business for boy or man to appear in the games. When a naked athlete walked on to the race course, or Stadium,—upright, strong, supple, his curly hair tied round with a ribbon,—the thousands of onlookers on the Stadium seats gave him clap and shout, and prepared to watch his feats at running, wrestling, boxing, and the rest. But in order to fit himself for the grand game at Olympia, the athlete had to pass many an hour and many a day and many a month in training. He would lift and fling heavy weights, bend bars of iron, catch hold of a bull and push back its strong neck, and aim blows at big bags of sand. He might only eat such foods as were thought meet by his trainer,—fresh cheese, dried figs, and wheat ; pork, beef, goat's flesh ; not fish and not pastry ; and the bread must be lightly baked. Of course, all athletes were not alike. Some were wiry and slender like the god Hermes, who had wings on his feet ; and some were huge and massive, after the style of Herakles, the god of strength ; and many, it must in truth be said, were coarse in their bodies, brutish as pigs, and rude in their speech. Yet, in the best times of Greece, no doubt the men and youths who competed in the games were often heroic in their manner and high-spirited and full of honest mettle.

At the back of the temple of Zeus, where the ivory and gold image was, grew a tree of wild olive—the Olive of the Fair Crown it was called. From the branches of this tree were plaited the crowns which were placed on the heads of the winners in the games. A crown of wild olive was the only prize given at Olympia ; though when a victor went home to his city the people would fill his house with gifts of money and much else, and poets would sing verses in his praise. Such rich rewards would seem to spoil the real glory of the victor ; and the simple crown of wild olive leaves rendered him a nobler sight than all the golden coins that filled his lap when he sat at the banquet in his city.

Now, however gross and swinish some of the athletes might be, the founders of the games so ordered the customs that all should be done as if in holy and solemn worship. The olive branches for the crowns were not pulled from the tree by any chance hand, but must be cut off with a sickle of gold. Nor could any common boy do the cutting. He must be a boy whose mother and father were both alive, as if to say that no shadow of illness or death must be cast upon this work of crown-making.

When the athletes were ready to enter the course for the games, they must not simply show their stout limbs and their fine muscles. They must answer questions :—

Are you a freeman ? Yes.
Are you of pure Greek blood ? Yes.
Are you an outlaw ? No.
Have you insulted the gods ? No.
Have you been trained ten months? Yes.

' Then,' said the judges, ' to the truth of your answers you must swear before the statue of Zeus.'

Nor was this the end.

The father of the games-man must stand forward, the brothers must appear, and the teachers must attend, and all must take oath to the gods on high that the athlete would do no foul act in the race or match, and be guilty of no injustice.

Injustice ? Of what kind might this be ? It happened sometimes that a man would bribe his opponent, and say ' For the sake of this money which I hand you,

you will let me win in the match,—do not run so fast as I, or do not strike such strenuous blows as I,' and so on ; and thus, when the people in the Stadium applauded the winner of the Fair Crown, they would, without knowing it, be cheering and clapping for a lie. Once a boxer was late in arriving at Olympia, and it was his own fault, for he had stayed on the road to win money at games in Ionia ; but his tale was that his ship had been beaten back by contrary winds, and for this lie he was punished. And another case was this : a father very much wanted to see his son win a wrestling match, and he gave a bribe, not to the lad's opponent, but to the other father ; and thus the two foolish fathers agreed to cheat the Greek people who admired wrestlers, not sneaks. For this ill deed the fathers were heavily fined ; the sons were not punished.

You have noticed that unfair games-men were fined. What was done with the money ? It was paid to sculptors who made statues of Zeus, and these bronze figures of Zeus—called Zanes—were set up at the gate of the Stadium. In the course of years there were as many as sixteen of these Zanes, each resting on the right foot, and the left toeing the ground, as if to imply that the God was ready to step forward and challenge the evil-doer for his deceit and injustice.

The sixteen Zanes, I say, stood like a row of sentinels at the gate. Every athlete had to pass them on his way to the Stadium. Every athlete was thus silently warned that he was to play fair, to play justice, to play the man. Indeed, on the foot or pedestal of one of the Zanes it was written that the Olympic Games were to be contested for—

MANLINESS NOT MONEY.

And so the young men took their way to the crowded Stadium, and there was a great sound of shouting, and tens of thousands of eyes were turned towards the athletes, and eager were the hopes of friends that This one should win, or That. But the images of Zeus stood at the door. No word came from the lips of bronze, but the statues yet bore their message and exhorted the games-men to fight fair and be just.

Step into the Stadium, athletes of England, of Europe, of America, of Humanity. This Stadium is for you all—for bright-eyed girls and sprightly lads. The world lies before you. Parents, friends, teachers gather at the gate to see you pass in and wish you well. You will be workers, fellow-workers, citizens, fellow-citizens, home toilers, and travellers ; some on this side in politics, some on that ; some voting for this counsel and some for that. Give one glance, comrades, at the statues of bronze. Step into the stadium, young souls ; play the manly part, play the womanly part, and be open and straight and just.

The games are beginning, comrades ; and Olympia is the world.

NOTE.—Vols. I. and III. of Pausanias, edited by Dr. J. G. Frazer, have been consulted for details ; also Smith's 'Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities.'

XXXIV.—William Penn (1644-1718) and his Holy Experiment

GRACE MITCHELL

Cross against corslet,
Love against hatred,
Peace-cry for war-cry !
Patience is powerful ;
He that o'ercometh
Hath power o'er the nations !

Stronger than steel
Is the sword of the spirit ;
Swifter than arrows
The light of the truth is ;
Greater than anger
Is love, and subdueth ! '

From 'Tales of a Wayside Inn,' xxii.
Longfellow.

Outline of an Address given to a united gathering of lower Sunday school scholars (7–14 years) for 'Peace Sunday,' i.e., the Sunday preceding Christmas Day.

NOTE.—The following address would also conveniently make three lessons at the natural divisions I, II, and III, when the further time would allow of these and other interesting and important details being treated at greater length.

Subject.—William Penn, the Quaker hero and preacher, and his 'perpetual friendship' with the native Indians of Pennsylvania. 'Friendliness and Justice were found to be sufficient defences for a successful state.'

At Christmas time we love to hear and sing again the angels' song, 'Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and

goodwill among men.' To-day we are keeping as Peace Sunday, and so I want to talk to you about peace and goodwill among different nations and races, as if the world were one great family, and all the races and peoples, English, French, German, American, Japanese, Red Indian, and so on, were just brothers and sisters in that one family. It is a very deep and a very great and interesting matter, and some of the little ones may find it hard to understand all that I mean when I talk more especially to the older girls and boys ; but I think even the youngest will love to hear and be able to remember the chief story I am going to tell you, about a great Quaker leader, William Penn, and how he met the Red Indians in North America just over two hundred years ago.

Aim.—(1) And now I must tell you a little about these Red Indians of North America ; (2) and then you will want to know who William Penn was, before I tell you (3) why they met and what they did.

I. Quicken the children's interest and sympathy for the North American Indians as a people with strong virtues as well as savage instincts. Most children are familiar with the usual Red Indian story—of wigwams, painted faces, fierce war-cries, and wild deeds, which inspired such dread and hatred in their enemies. Several may also have heard of Hiawatha. This poem and Catlin's writings on the 'North American Indian,' the result of eight years of friendly and intimate acquaintance with them in the Far West from 1832 onwards, help us to give a more truthful and balanced picture of their lives.

See Catlin's Introduction to Vol. I, where these and other passages of like nature occur. 'There is no difficulty in approaching the Indian and getting acquainted with him in his wild state, and finding him an honest and honourable man.' 'The North American Indian in his native state is honest, hospitable, faithful, brave, warlike, cruel, revengeful, relentless,—yet an honourable, contemplative, and religious being.' 'They are by nature a kind and hospitable people.' 'I have unavoidably formed warm and enduring attachments to some of these men whom I do not wish to forget, who have brought me near to their hearts and in our final separation have embraced me in their arms and commended me and my affairs to the keeping of the Great Spirit.'

Help the children to realise the high position the Peace-Pipe ceremonies held when treaties were ratified by tribes lately at war. *See* Catlin, Vol. I, pp. 234–5, etc., for a vivid account of how these Peace-Pipes were made, and the dignity of all these most solemn and sacred traditions connected with the smoking of this calumet. *See* also Hiawatha, 'The Peace-Pipe.'

Red Indians are also human beings with noble aspirations as well as cruel uncivilised customs, and before passing from this part I, try and help the children to realise this. For mutual respect and sympathy must ever be at the basis of Peace, as William Penn with wisdom far ahead of his age realised.

Picture these Indians roaming freely over the boundless wilds of North America till America is discovered by Columbus, 1492, when settlers from the old countries now begin to move across to this land of wonder and promise in ever-increasing numbers. What will happen ?

II. And now we must hear something of William Penn before he went to America in 1682 to look after his large new property of Pennsylvania.

Tell *shortly* the leading incidents of Penn's life till 1682. *See* the excellent 'Story of William Penn,' by Miss Frances E. Cooke.

Emphasise the vigorous disciplined body, the quiet strength of character and will, the goodness of the man. Tell how he renounced military and civil fame, honour, and riches, which all might have been his had he not become a Quaker. Take one or two incidents which show his passion for justice and right, and tell of the harsh prison treatment he endured bravely for its sake. Show how Penn strove to make real the parting words of the Quaker preacher Thomas Loe : 'Dear heart, bear thy cross ! stand faithful to God and bear thy testimony in thy day and generation—there is not another way. Bear thy cross ! Stand faithful for God.' Show Penn's championship of the persecuted, and especially those who were poor ; his tenderness, his charity to others, how beloved he was by those who had the joy of knowing him. Then tell how circumstances gradually forced him to look beyond England for that civil and religious

liberty and justice which were dearer to him than life itself, and how the grant of 'Penn' 'Sylvania' to him in payment of crown debts to his late father (Admiral of the English Fleet under Charles II) led him into intimate relations with the American Indians.

III. Recall to the children Part I. and the better as well as more savage instincts of those Red Indians. In what spirit did the 'Pale Faces' usually meet and treat those natives, and with what result?

Tell briefly of the bitterness and misery, terror and bloodshed, seemingly unavoidable wherever white settlers came in contact with these Indians. (See Miss Cooke: Penn, pp. 98 and 114.)

'You have heard a little about Penn in England. Remember what he dared and suffered there with such patience, courage, and love, and why he was at last forced to leave his own dear native land for the unknown land of Pennsylvania. You can all be thinking how Penn will meet and treat the Indians he is sure to come across, and as I tell you the story you can quietly see if you judged him rightly or not.'

Then tell of the 'more excellent way' taken by that lover of justice and of 'faithful dealing with his own conscience and with his fellows':—of William Penn, the Peace-Maker, and his 'Holy Experiment.' This is the crowning of the whole lesson to which Parts I. and II. lead up. Miss Cooke (chapter viii. pp. 109–124) gives an excellent account of this 'Holy Experiment,' which can be told almost verbatim to the children. I can only quote a few passages:—

From Penn's letter to these Indians conveyed to them by his commissioners, who were to make known 'that a "Friend" was coming, unarmed, in a friendly spirit, with a patent from the King, to buy land from the Indians as white men buy it from one another' (p. 112). 'There is a great God and Power, which hath made the world and all things therein . . . this great God has written his law in our hearts, by which we are taught and commanded to love and to help and to do good to one another. Now this great God hath been pleased to make me concerned in your part of the world; and the King of the country where I live hath given me a great province therein, but I desire to enjoy it with your love and consent, that we may live together as neighbours and friends; else what would the great God do to us, who hath made us not to devour and destroy one another, but to live soberly and kindly together in the world. . . . I have great love and regard toward you, and desire to win your love and friendship, by a kind, just, peaceable life; and the people I send are of the same mind and shall in all things behave themselves accordingly; and if in any thing they shall offend you or your people, you shall have full and speedy satisfaction for the same, by an equal number of just men on both sides, that by no means you may have just occasion of being offended against them. . . .'

P. 119: 'Unarmed and unprotected, Penn and two or three other companions wandered into the forests and greeted the Indians. They feasted with the warriors, sat by their camp fires at night, and watched their games and dances. Penn even joined in their leaping matches. The red men responded heartily to the friendly overtures of the white men, and called their leader "the Great Onas," which is the Indian word for pen.'

Tell the children of the Treaty of Friendship drawn up by Penn and ratified by the native chiefs and their followers. The place chosen was under a giant elm tree, where it was said 'friendly Indians had been used for centuries past to meet and smoke the pipe of peace.'

Pp. 121–2: 'Then Penn spoke to them of the Great Spirit, the common Father of them all, who wished all his children to live as brethren. He told them that he and his followers met the red men in good faith and goodwill, that they meant to do no injury to any one and had no fear for themselves. If disputes should ever arise between the Indians and the white men they must be inquired into and settled peaceably by twelve persons, half of whom should be Indians and half Englishmen. Paths must be left free and open to all alike, and the white man's doors unbarred to his Indian neighbour. "It is not our custom to use hostile weapons against our fellow creatures," said the English Quaker, "so we have come unarmed. It is not our object to do injury, and thus provoke the Great Spirit, but to do good. Let us live in brotherhood and love. . . ." "We will tell our children of this league of friendship," said the warriors in reply, "it shall be

kept white and clean while rivers run and sun and moon and stars endure." "It was agreed that the chiefs should preserve the parchment carefully for three generations; and it is said that, year after year, the Indians used to assemble in the forests and repeat the words that the great "Onas" had said to them." P. 123: "This treaty was never broken. Again and again in territories round Pennsylvania fierce contests broke out between Indians and white men; but in Pennsylvania unarmed Quakers lived in safety with their doors unbarred." See Chapter xi. (last) for the account of Penn's return visit to these Indians, and how they greeted him as a true friend.

Perhaps you children may know why I chose this story to tell you on Peace Sunday near Christmas time. If you say 'the Christmas angels' song is only a song we hear at Christmas time, and has nothing to do with this work-a-day world of ours,' I would have you remember the brave, sturdy, peaceful, loving-hearted William Penn, and how he did make that song come true on a small part of this dear earth, as all true Christian men and women, boys and girls, must also try to do. How he found and showed to all that love is far stronger and better than hate, and peace and justice and friendship than war and fighting.

XXXV.—Music

AMY WITHALL, B.A.

You all know what music is. I can't tell you if you don't. But I quite expect and hope that all of us here like music. And if we like it, that means we all know something about it.

(1) Even the little ones may learn at school the notes of the scale, d—r—m, etc.

We will ask the lady at the piano to play two notes for us, a *doh* and a *me together*, while we listen (notes played). Those two notes agree with each other, like each other, and we like to hear the sound of them played together. But let us add another note, a sharp *r* which is called *re*, and let us listen to the three notes played together, *d*, *m*, and *re* (played). Well, I think we feel, don't we, that the *re* has spoilt the sound of the *d* and *m*?

Now imagine that the *d* for *doh* and the *m* for *me* stand for the two words domestic mission, and the *re*? that shall mean roughness or rudeness. This domestic mission is a capital place, unless it is spoilt by roughness, just as the *d* and *m* went together quite well until the *re* was sounded with them.

(2) Or we might take another example (play two *sohs*). How many notes were played then? Some think one, some think two. And indeed two *sohs* agree so well that you can hardly tell there are two notes being played, they sound almost like one note. But if we let a sharp *f* sound with the *sohs*, there is a great change at once; *fe* has spoilt the harmony of the *sohs*.

Of course the two *s's* for the *sohs* mean —what? Sunday School, yes. And what shall we say the *fe* means? Johnnie suggests fidgetiness. Forgetfulness? yes. Failure? In fact, we might take the word faults, which includes so much, and then imagine our Sunday school without any faults! That would be like the sound of the two *sohs* without the *fe* mixed with it.

(3) In one of the papers the other day there was a story about the new Prince of Wales—the boy who has just lately passed his sixteenth birthday, and who we expect will one day be our King. The story related that when he was quite a little boy he told General Baden-Powell that when he became King he should make two laws: one, that nobody should use bearing reins on their horses, and the other that there should not be any more sin in the country. England without any sin, Sunday schools made up of unselfish boys and girls, would be happy harmony—as there is harmony, perfect agreement, between those two notes sounded on the piano, the two *sohs*.

We can, then, all of us clearly see that there is a great deal which might be so very nice, which however is not nice, because something spoils it. 'The name for something which does not please us is *discord*:—

(1) The sound of the *d* and the *m* played with that third note *re* was a discord.

(2) A little girl had a new dress on. It was a blue dress, with a little black trimming on it. When the little girl saw it she said, "Fancy, putting black on it!" and she didn't like it at all. She thought the black was ugly with the blue, and spoilt her new dress. Perhaps now that

she is a big girl she might not think so, but she did then, when she was only six years old. To her eyes the colours clashed. It was a discord.

(3) This word discord we may use in many ways. You see there can be discord in sound and discord in colour. Let us use it once more.

Sometimes we live all in a muddle. Perhaps you have not spoilt many Sundays by staying away from school, or by not taking the trouble to come early; some children do. Never mind, here comes Monday, a new fresh day; and then, may be, we hurt Monday by forgetting to do the thing we promised we would do. And Tuesday again might have been a delightful day; the boy gained full marks for his sums, and yet he was miserable because of some unkind words he had allowed to fly out of his mouth and wound that other boy. We won't go on any further. We will suppose there was no bad temper, nothing in the way of grumbling, to darken Wednesday. Still we can remember enough to make us say sometimes to ourselves, 'There now, my week is nearly gone, and I believe it is like a sheet of white paper with ink blots on it. Last week there was a big blot, this week there is a splutter of tiny blots.' And it isn't nice. We *might* have kept the page clean. The week is partly damaged, and we have lived a discord.

I want to show you something very interesting about this word. In music there are many discords which do not sound to our ears dreadfully wrong. Only they make us feel that the tune is not finished. Listen to this discord (play the chord *d, f, g, b*). It does not satisfy us by itself, we want some more after it. Let us have it (play the same chord once or twice, followed by the common chord of *c*). That sounds finished. And often when we make a discord in life, we have not done a wicked deed, but what we have done is incomplete—we must do a little more or do it a little better before it is really good. A discord in music always leads to another note; a song never ends with a discord. If it did, you would say, 'that is not the end!' And always—try to understand this—a discord in us means that there must be some change to come. We must leave it, and strike another chord, live differently—because life, like music, never ends with a discord. Be careful not to spoil this coming week. And supposing that you should make a discord, don't make it worse by adding another one!

Sometimes we do that, and it only proves how silly we can be when we don't think, when we forget that we can never feel satisfied until actions which make discord are followed by actions which made no discord.

This, also, is to be noticed. A very small thing may make a discord. Just one '*re*' would spoil all the *doh's* and the *me's* on the piano played together. If we had time, I am sure we could think of ever so many examples. They say that a speck of dust, if it finds its way into the machinery of a motor car, may cause the machinery to go wrong and the motor car to stop. Of course big mistakes make discord, but little mistakes do also. And therefore little things, and little people, are tremendously important in this big world. It is such a big world!—a great many more Sunday schools besides this one; many, many countries besides our own country of England. So can it really matter about us, what we do? Yes, it really can, and you see why. Because if we are not careful we shall make a discord; and we certainly don't want the world to be spoilt because of us. Quite the opposite of that, we want to be of use. You want to be, don't you? So you must say to yourselves, 'I am to see to it that the world is the *better* for me.' That is a splendid motto.

Have you ever heard this story (from 'The Children's Hour,' by F. E. Cooke)? Imagine a large number af people playing on different musical instruments, i.e., imagine a band or orchestra. One of the smallest instruments is one with rather a difficult name, the piccolo—it is a small flute. A band must have a conductor, someone to beat time; and a famous man, Sir Michael Costa, was the conductor of this band. One day he stood up, began to beat time, and the concert rehearsal started. But suddenly he stopped and so the orchestra stopped too, and there was silence. Then Sir Michael Costa said, Where is the piccolo? To the conductor's ear the music was not perfect because the smallest instrument was missing.

And the story means—can you find its wonderful meaning? God will miss

us if we do not play our part in his vast orchestra.

Sometimes it helps us very much to remember that God made us, God wants nothing spoilt, he wants every one of us to help him in making the life of the great world like beautiful music.

XXXVI.—Boys and Girls of the Bible

Joseph (Gen. xxxvii.).

H. FISHER SHORT

Our lesson is from one of the oldest stories of the Old Testament, and is about a boy who, by what may be described as an accident, became a man of great power and influence in a foreign land. As a man, Joseph is fitly called a Bible hero; for he was as good as he was great; but as a boy he was not all that boys and girls admire. For one thing, he was a 'tell-tale'; for another, he was priggish and conceited. It is only just to say, however, that he might have been a nicer boy had he not been 'spoiled' by his aged father. The father's name was Jacob, and he was a man of uneven character: capable of heroic action, deep tenderness, and true piety, but also of the most contemptible meanness and deception. And though Joseph was pure-souled and magnanimous in his foreign home, in his boyhood, as already hinted, some of the baser qualities inherited from his father showed themselves in his daily behaviour.

He was one of twelve sons and next to the youngest. A well-favoured lad, good looking and intelligent, he was the 'apple of his father's eye.' Out of love for the sharp, handsome boy, Jacob made him a beautiful robe of bright colours. This displeased the other sons. Resenting such partiality, they became so embittered against their brother that whenever they spoke to him it was with contempt and scorn. As iron sharpens iron, so enmity provokes enmity; and, possibly out of vengeance, Joseph adopted the mean tactics of the sneak. He spied upon his brothers and, if they did anything of which Jacob would not approve, poured accusations into the apparently willing ears of his father.

A further source of annoyance to the brothers was the repetition of dreams he had dreamed, in which he was always the principal figure and they his inferiors. One day he said to them, 'Listen to this dream I have had. I dreamt that we were binding sheaves in the field, and my sheaf arose and stood upright, and all your sheaves gathered round and bowed to it.' Of course they were angry at this, and cried 'What! do you mean to say that you are going to reign over us?' And we can imagine them saying among themselves, 'We will see about that.' Later on, he had another dream which he recounted to his father as well as his brothers. 'I have had another dream,' he said. 'I saw the sun and the moon and the eleven stars and they all encircled me and paid homage to me.' This was too much even for the father, who sharply said, 'Whatever are you talking about? Do you mean to say that I and your mother and all your brothers shall bow down to the earth before you?' And yet Jacob fondly treasured the story, thinking there might be something in it. The brothers, however, only hated Joseph the more and possibly vowed to punish him for his vanity and presumption. Whether such a compact was made or not, a favourable opportunity soon arose.

It happened one day, whilst they were away pasturing their father's sheep, Jacob called out to Joseph, 'Are not your brothers feeding the flock at Shechem? Come, I will send you to them.' Joseph came, and his father told him to go and see if his brothers and the flock were all right, and to come back and tell him. Leaving the vale of Hebron, where the family lived, the youth (Joseph was now about seventeen or eighteen years of age) made his way to Shechem, but found neither shepherds nor sheep. Whilst he was searching for them, he met a man who asked him what he was looking for. When Joseph told him, the man said, 'They have gone from here, and I heard them saying "Let us go to Dothan."' On hearing this, the youth made his way thither. When the brothers saw him in the distance, their anger was kindled afresh, and some of them agreed to kill him. 'Look!' they sneered, 'the master of dreams is coming. Let us murder him and throw him into one of the pits. We can say that a wild animal has devoured him. We shall then see how much his dreams are worth.' But Reuben, the eldest, would not consent. 'Nay, let us not kill him,' he said. 'Shed no blood;

put him into this pit, but don't hurt him.' On the face of it, such a proposal was more cruel than the first. To have killed him at once had been humane, compared with such an inch by inch death by hunger and thirst. But this was not Reuben's purpose. Having advised his brothers what to do, he left them, intending to return later to rescue the lad and take him back to his father.

By this time Joseph had reached the encampment, and was immediately seized by his infuriated brothers who, having stripped him of the offending many-coloured robe, threw him into the pit. Whilst they were having a meal, shortly afterwards, they saw a caravan of Ishmaelitish merchants on their way from Gilead to Egypt, their camels laden with 'spicery and balm and myrrh.' The appearance of the merchants suggested to Judah, one of the brothers, a means not only of disposing for ever of the undesirable Joseph, but of enriching themselves at the same time. So he said, 'What shall we gain by leaving our brother in the pit? Let us sell him to the Ishmaelites,' and added cynically, 'Let us not hurt him for he is our brother, our flesh and blood.' Willingly the advice was accepted. The unhappy youth was dragged out of the pit and sold for twenty pieces of silver to the merchants who carried him away to Egypt where they re-sold him to Potiphar, the captain of the guard of Pharaoh the king. By and by, the brothers having departed, Reuben returned to the pit, hoping to find Joseph unhurt. Seeing the empty pit, he suspected foul play, and tore his clothes for very grief. Finding his brothers he said, 'The child is gone. What shall I do? Where shall I go?' For, being the eldest son, he doubtless felt responsible to Jacob for the lad's safety. Obtaining no satisfaction, he probably went to look for the body of Joseph. The others now saw the need of an excuse for going home without the lad. What they did was to kill a goat and dip Joseph's robe in the blood. With a lie on their lips, they carried the blood-stained garment to Jacob and said, 'See what we have found. Look whether it be your son's coat or not.' Of course, he recognised it at once. 'It is my son's coat,' he cried 'A wild beast has devoured him; Joseph is surely torn to pieces.' And the old man was stricken with grief and wept for many days. In vain his sons and daughters tried to comfort him. Broken-hearted, he cried, 'I will go down weeping to my son in the grave.'

In this sad little story, the ancient writer, like our own Shakespeare in his plays, holds 'the mirror up to nature.' He neither points the moral nor adorns the tale; he neither approves nor condemns. And yet, virtue discloses her image and scorn her features so unmistakably that even a child may discern them. Some Bible scholars tell us the story is a legend, and perhaps they are right; but whether fiction or fact, it is a picture of life as it is seen at times even to-day. There are many fathers whose hearts are big with love for all their children; but, alas, there are others, less wise, who have their favourites. Like Jacob, as the old saying is, they often make 'rods for their own backs,' for the very children they pamper and spoil not infrequently hector over their brothers and sisters, and even their over-indulgent parents in consequence, or else get themselves into trouble or disgrace outside. Then there are brothers and sisters who are literally driven into resentment and rebellion by having the favourite constantly put before them.

It is to be hoped that the boys and girls for whom this lesson is prepared are neither favoured nor neglected by their parents. If they are either, may they be strong enough not to be spoiled by it. A conceited boy or girl is to be deeply pitied. And the same is true of those who are sneakish or malicious. They miss so much of what is best in life. Men and women who are truly great, the world's real heroes and saints, are always modest, and straightforward, and forbearing. They are neither selfish nor self-assertive. They are never mean. They are too self-respecting to bear grudges; too noble to feel resentment. And the boys and girls who are growing into such men and women, whether, like Joseph, they have the first place in their parents' affection, or, like his brothers, are disregarded, or, better than either, live in homes where such mistaken distinctions are not made, are just those who have learned the great lesson of that religion in whose name our Sunday schools are built, and to whose

work they are dedicated. The beginning and the middle and the end of Christianity is unselfishness. The worship of our heavenly Father, and the following of the example of Jesus, and all real service, are expressions of the same great spirit. Where that spirit is, vanity and meanness and vengeance are impossible.

A CATECHISM

GEO. CROSWELL CRESSEY, D.D.

PART III.

How do men know what things happened many years ago?

We know through records or books which men have written.

What is the book called which tells us about religion, Jesus, and God?

We call it the Bible.

Is it really one book?

No, it consists of many books written at different times and by different men.

What are the two parts?

The Old and New Testaments.

What does the Old Testament tell us?

It tells us about the nation of Israel, what they thought about God, and the way in which they thought men ought to live.

Are there different kinds of books in the Old Testament?

Yes, there are books which give the history of the people. There is the book of Psalms or Jewish hymn-book. There are also the books which tell us what the great prophets said.

What is a prophet?

One who makes the truth clear to others, and tells people what they should do.

Are there different books in the New Testament?

Yes, there are writings called Gospels which tell us what Jesus said and did, and others called Epistles which are letters written by Paul and others to churches in various places.

How should we think of the Bible?

As books written by very good men; as the best of books because it tells us about God, what we ought to do and how we ought to treat others.

Was the Bible written just like other books? Yes.

Were the men who wrote it like other men? Yes.

Did they make mistakes about anything?

Yes; they did not intend to do so, but they did not know many things about the earth and the world, which we have found out since that time.

What was one error?

They thought the world had existed only a few thousand years.

What do we know about this?

We know that the earth is millions of years old.

If there are mistakes of this kind in the Bible, why do we study and reverence it?

Because it was not intended as a teacher of natural science, but to teach us how we should think of God and treat each other.

What part of the Bible especially teaches us this?

The New Testament.

How do we know there is no mistake here?

Because many people have obeyed the commands found in the New Testament. They have acted as Jesus tells us to act, and it has made them, and has helped to make others, better and happier.

What do we call this?

Human experience.

[NOTE.—Let the teacher here illustrate to the child in simple ways how experience teaches us truth in the material and moral worlds.]

Should we read the Bible?

Yes, especially those parts which tell us how we should live and act.

Is there any other reason why we should honour the Bible?

Yes, because it has been read and studied by good men for so many hundred years; because it is the book associated with Christianity; because it is the book which we all know and love.

How should the Bible be read?

Children should read parts chosen by their parents and teachers. They should commit to memory beautiful and helpful verses. They should learn the story of those who have lived and suffered that the world might be better.

What do we call our Church?

Unitarian or Liberal Christian.

What do we believe about God?

That he is one God, the Father of all.

What do we believe about man?
That we are all sons of God.
What do we believe about Jesus?
That he is our great spiritual teacher and example.
What do we believe about the Church?
That it is an institution to teach us pure religion and to help us to know and practise the truth.
What do we believe about salvation?
We believe in salvation by character, that righteous character *is* salvation.

HINTS TO THE YOUNG TEACHER

ANNIE NEWELL

I OFTEN marvel at the great self-sacrifice young men and women bestow upon our children, and admire their dauntless courage and strength of purpose. Their task must be hard to them at times simply because, through lack of knowledge, they approach it from the wrong end.

Before endeavouring to teach a single fact, *Order must be obtained.* Yes, I know too well, this is more easily said than done.

As teacher of a class you must make up your mind that YOU are going to have your own way, and assert your own individuality, as you yourself are the most important factor in obtaining order.

Never make a threat which you cannot carry out; thus, from the first, lead your children to understand that whatever you promise or deny, your decision is final, except under the most extraordinary circumstances.

Do not have favourites in your class, or allow one child to be looked down upon by others for any reason whatever.

Be even in your judgment. That is to say, a fault is a fault at all times and under all circumstances, and must not be overlooked in one case and punished in another. The commonest form of bad management is due to the teacher's feeble influence.

Be genial, considerate, firm, kind and sympathetic, and banish from your methods all brute force, lack of sympathy, and all that tends to be unreasonable and tyrannical.

Try to understand the dispositions and tendencies of your pupils. Watch them, unobserved, in their play whenever you can, then make use of your observations in *leading* them your way, for remember children will not be driven.

The younger the children are, the more they must do for themselves. At first sight this seems ridiculous, but you will find that a child becomes difficult to manage when he has nothing to occupy his time and thought.

In teaching the Infants' Class, for example, do not 'lecture' the children, or expect them to sit still too long; and never read a story, always tell it.

It is a child's nature to be active. Arrest his attention by some carefully told story, illustrated, no matter how simply, by blackboard drawing or by picture. Speak pleasantly, look bright and happy, and you will find your listeners responding to you. If you are bright and cheerful your children will be bright and cheerful. 'As is the teacher, so is the class.'

Should you have convenience, let the little mites march round the room and have a little drill, accompanied by the piano.

Let action songs, hymns, recitations, and story form part of your programme. This ought to be possible in all Sunday schools. I most emphatically assert that the Infants' Class should have the best accommodation in the whole school, and not be stowed away in some out of the way corner.

Whilst endeavouring to make your authority felt, be very careful not to exert it to its utmost limit too soon. Always have some reserve force wherewith to master extreme cases. At the same time, when the tone seems lower than usual don't put all the blame on the youngsters. Teachers have their faults too. We sometimes are out of temper too soon, lessons are badly prepared, and so forth. Look to yourself as well as to your children when things go wrong.

Whilst in school regard the superintendent in charge as head master. Put personal likes and dislikes aside, and for the sake of the 'tone' of the school help him in every way to assert his authority. See that he is respected by you and yours, and you will be respected too.

When preparing your lesson and when teaching, bear these points in mind:—

1. Find out if possible what the children have already done.
2. Fix clearly in your mind what you

intend to teach, and don't use notes in the presence of your scholars.

3. Keep every child occupied in some way.

4. Carry out school regulations to the letter yourself, and insist upon the children doing likewise.

5. Do not let your children make a practice of leaving their class upon any pretence whatever. I have seen discipline ruined by this folly.

6. Keep your temper as well as you can.

7. Show your strength by rising to circumstances and mastering them.

THE MISSION FIELD

Occasional contributions to these pages from Unitarian ministers in the Colonies have suggested to the Editor the thought of the vast field of Missionary enterprise which lies open to the enthusiastic believers in religion as the great solvent of the world's difficulties. Young men and women fired with the desire to be of use in the world, but not feeling that they can enter the ministry in the Old Country, might well contemplate preparation for a ministry in the Dominions over the seas, where, at the present time, Unitarianism is neither widely organised nor much known. One of our friends wrote some years ago from South Africa, 'Why do not Unitarians come out here to preach and work? There is need of your sort of people in the Colonies.'

It may be well at the outset to state that Unitarians have not engaged in any extensive foreign missionary enterprise because they felt there was every need at home of all the powers they could put forth; and when they have entered the foreign mission field it has been with the express intention of not forcing an alien religion upon a people, but of so conducting their mission that those to whom they preached should become preachers themselves and make the principles which Unitarians hold apply to the problems and aspirations of their own people. This policy has been exemplified especially in Japan, where the Unitarian Movement is now essentially a native movement.

Our friend's inquiry was, notwithstanding the foregoing, a challenge, and we hope that in the days that are coming it will be taken up and a new field of useful service be occupied by an army of God's servants who believe that the Liberal Faith must be given a hearing the world over. We have happy memories of those early days when our friend was all excitement at the prospect of going into the Colonial mission field, and as we look back upon his years of service we hold that his record is a grand one, signed and sealed as it is by the greatest sacrifice a man can make. It is with his express permission that we make use of his letters, extending over a period of ten years. With what youthful ardour he writes: 'My prospects look very bright to me, and I am very happy about going out. Sorry to leave old friends and dear associations, but I feel called, if ever a man can feel it, to this work abroad and go gladly. I shall always have very bright remembrances of old Owens days with you, and some time in the future hope we shall meet again to talk them over.' His work lay among Englishmen who had gone out to South Africa and, in the midst of new conditions, the distractions of business pursuits, the anxieties arising from the close proximity of natives who were subject to periods of great unrest, had determined to maintain the practice of public worship which they had known in the dear homeland.

Here is a picture of the conditions in which he found himself: 'My church is a new one, a suburb on a main railway line, growing into a favourite resort of business men. The enthusiasm of the new cause is still strong. We had a £500 debt when I came; now I am glad to say we have only about £100 or even less. Church membership is a very different thing here from home. You have to begin at the very bottom and train young folk. There has been no sort of family religion for generations; no special creed or denomination is in the blood of the nondescript lot who settle together out here. Some have the remembrance of home family worship, but the majority have dropped it, and the religious sense has to be awakened in most cases. So, I take it, our Sunday school work is of vital importance, and I rejoice that it flourishes. We have just over fifty scholars, seven teachers, and a superintendent—all splendidly regular and zealous workers.' What a contrast this picture of quiet church work presents with the

following (the Boer War was in progress) : ' The war drags on, prisoners come down by truck loads, and refugees are still plentiful. Dutchmen on *parole* prowl around. I asked a Dutch lady the other day where her husband was : " Killed, fighting at Volksrusdt." After an interval I asked her neighbour the same question : " Prisoner in Ceylon." So with a multitude ; I dropped husbands after that ! '

We can fancy him going about his work, attending to the multitudinous details, but finding time to do something for those of the larger parish which impinged upon his own. He had no thought of his own advantage, but was bent upon doing the work of his ministry ; yet many a time he found the actual very different indeed from the dream of his student days. ' There is a lot of pioneer work to do, and for some things I like it more than the settled work at home, but it plays havoc with a man's ideals of study and regular habits of pastoral labour. The outdoor life suits me well, and the thought that I am sowing for a reaping by and by is a helpful one to me. There are two districts between this and the seaport, where, by the time you receive this, churches will have been planted, chiefly, I must say, by your humble servant. I grant you circumstances have been favourable, but I have the satisfaction that I have not been taking a big stipend and have not insisted on a manse being built, and so we are able to build churches and found new causes practically free of debt, all of which means, I hope, more usefulness, certainly more labour. Soon we shall have to get a curate to take country duty for me ! I have an extended parish of at least six miles up and down to look after, and of course can only do the work partly. The future will develop great things, and *I am very glad to be here at the beginning.*'

Time brought its changes and the bachelor became the happy husband and father. His duties developed fresh charms, and new insight came of the union with one who entered heartily into his work. The church responded loyally, showing their appreciation of their pastor in unmistakable fashion by easing the financial strain as well as maintaining the cordial relationships. Holidays afforded opportunities of travel, and one of this ardent missionary's letters was written from a spot some ' 3,700 feet above sea level, within sight of the Drakensberg and some places of interest in connection with the war. Ranges of mountains all around, Howick Falls (the highest in the world) quite close, and Maritzburg in sight ten miles away, far down in the hollow. I love this country.'

It would appear that our friend, ' pegging away ' at his work, did sometimes feel dissatisfied with results and disappointed with slow progress. His denomination was backward, and the traditional theology did not appeal to the general public in the way he could wish. Hence he began to feel that Unitarians might, with their greater freedom, do what he and his beloved denomination could not accomplish, and he inquired, ' Have you any church in South Africa ? I do not know of it, nor of any Quakers—both bodies I very much admire.' We were not able to enlighten him about the Quakers, but we could tell him of one Unitarian Church in Capetown, and give him Mr. Balmforth's address. A few months later our friend resigned his charge after a pastorate of five years, in order to clear the way for the adoption of his own plan of two ministers for the work which had grown so under his care. His parishioners could not see why he was going, they did not wish him to leave them, but he did ' for the work's sake.' Consequently, when we next heard from him he had journeyed into Pondoland to visit one or two little churches and spend some time on a native mission station. ' I am writing in a Kaffir hut, very clean and comfortable, mud floor, whitewashed walls, thatched roof with some holes in it. Last night I went with the missionary to a Kraal near by, and in a big hut we had a magic lantern show. Only seven slides, reproductions of Doré's crucifixion pictures ; a five-foot picture on a sheet hung from soot-begrimed rafters ; a crowd of half-naked Kaffirs thronging the place and looking and listening for all they were worth ; really a grand audience for attention and appreciation ! The good fellow here is a fine worker, but we are crippled in helping him for lack of funds. The Colonials are far from being keen on missions, and in many ways I am not surprised at it. Natives are a sore problem. The emancipation of the blackman will be the work of centuries, and many of them,

I am twenty-five miles from a railway, and I am riding on twenty-five more to-day, probably yet farther next week. The post-cart travelling is full of interest, the roads and scenery being very fine.'

It is gratifying to know that our friend had not long to wait for another appointment: his record brought him several invitations, and a preaching excursion brought him more. He felt the call to a little place where the people were rankly careless about church, and the religious life was low in tone. In addition to his own church there was a nice little Anglican church, 'but no parson for over a year now, and the services slackly attended.' The village was sixty miles from the next one, and the only means of communication was by postcart which ran through the county (area 1,550 square miles), and connected with the carts to Cape Colony. Pioneer work is always hard and sometimes seemingly thankless, but it has to be done, and our friend rejoiced to take part in it, supported and cheered by his wife. His congregations were small as compared with those to which he had preached as a student in Manchester, but he was on the confines of civilisation and felt the exhilaration which comes to the man on lonely outpost duty, who is proud of the trust reposed in him. It was the burden of Empire he was helping to bear no less than the burden of the faith he held. He interested himself in the life of the community as well as in that of his church, joining in the agitation for the building of a light railway to the mountains eighty miles away, where minerals and timber were to be had. Such projects were often delayed, but 'it would all come in time.' A small and godless population, unused to services, drawn from many nations and various degrees of respectability, was not an easy field to work in; and to fit the message which had encouraged him to the needs of the people around him was a difficult matter; but the charm of the labour lay in the future—foundation-laying if not very attractive is always necessary. 'The growth of a new place, hamlet into village, village into town, is a work in which one may well delight to have a hand, working for righteousness' sake in any and every way he may be able.'

Away out there, thousands of miles from home, the news of the New Theology movement penetrated and aroused indignation because of the treatment of Mr. Campbell by some of the English papers. If our friend did not follow Mr. Campbell, still less did he follow those who made that earnest man's adventure difficult. He asked for Unitarian publications, and of course they were sent, to his great delight, although that does not mean that he abandoned his old faith. His ideas were broadening, his sympathy going out in many new directions, and his own pioneering brought home to him the truth that there was work for Unitarians to do in the Colonies. The old creeds had lost their power, the old scheme of salvation did not appeal, the stories of the Old Testament and the struggles of the Hebrew prophets did not attract—there was need of a new and more lively presentation of faith in the real contact of God and man. Dr. Martineau's 'Endeavours' proved highly refreshing and stimulating, and further inquiries were for 'The First Three Gospels' and 'The Reformation of the Sixteenth Century.' It was after receiving such books as these that he wrote: 'Why do not Unitarians come out here to preach and work? There is need of your sort of people in the Colonies. Why should Spiritualists and Christian Science people and Gipsy Smith-ites flourish, while Unitarians stay at home?'

Here we must take our leave of our friend with his enthusiasms and his devotion to the work of his ministry, his achievements and his larger knowledge, for he has heard the word of his Master, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant'; but his question remains and, if we can, we will help the rising generation of Unitarians to answer it. There is a whisper of a world tour of leading Unitarians, and Dr. Wendté, Secretary of the International Conference, with many other Unitarian founders of that Conference, is interested. This is hardly a secret, but when the tour is ended the steady work of religious fellowship will have to be done, and for it there must be a supply of ardent, consecrated young men and women, who will go forth to uphold the claim of 'truth, liberty, and religion.'

We must forget what is behind. If we cease to originate we are lost. We can only keep what we have, by new activity.—*W. E. Channing.*

LEO TOLSTOY

E. SAVELL HICKS, M.A.

THERE has been no Russian in our day so vivid in the drama of the awakening of a great nation to new strength and activity as Leo Tolstoy. Against the background of war, corruption, tyranny, and despair, he stood out serene amid the rocking and swaying of a tortured nationality,—a lonely, venerable figure, ungraced by any beauty of personal appearance, rugged and unkempt in appearance, living a peasant's life and striving to alleviate the peasant's lot. Placed beyond the pale of the church (a somewhat superfluous act on the part of the hierarchy, since he had already placed himself beyond its pale by his thought and writing), he was undoubtedly protected by his European reputation from being consigned to Siberia, that living grave of so many of the best intellects and noblest lives of modern Russia. His career was a curiously chequered one—not so much in outward fortune as in inward experience.

Count Lyoff Nicholaivitch Tolstoy was born in 1828. He lost his parents at an early age and was brought up in an unpromising moral atmosphere. Probably the following is one of the severest things ever said by a son of his father: 'His disposition was one of those which requires spectators in order to do a good deed, and he only valued and estimated what was valued and estimated by others. It is very difficult to say if he had any convictions.' There was a happy counter influence in the personality, dimly remembered, of his mother, who appears to have been a sweet woman. Especially does he dwell upon his recollection of her smile, and he declared that if he could only have had her face before him in his temptations it would have been as a tower of strength to him.

He was a sensitive, morbid, and precocious lad; awkward and shy in his manners, clumsy in his appearance, and painfully self-conscious. He was left pretty much to himself, to his nerves and his emotions; his family being absorbed in their own pursuits. He began speculating on life at an early age and became a confirmed sceptic by the time he had reached fifteen. He left Kazan University at eighteen, in disgust with all its forms and regulations, having discarded 'belief in everything that I had been taught'—apparently the sad result of reading philosophy at fifteen; even then, however, he retained a dim belief in 'something, though I do not think I could explain exactly what,' but this dim idea of 'perfectibility' changed to the mere desire for personal distinction, and the admiration of other people. Tolstoy's is a sad history, mercilessly laid bare in 'My Confession'—a story which is probably that of a good many people—the record of the murder of high ideals and the better self.

He fled from city life after a time, and from 1846 to 1851 lived at his native village of Yasnaya Polyana (Fairfield), trying to improve the serfs upon his estate. His experiences are narrated in the personality of Nikludov in the 'Russian Proprietor.' 'What a joyous fruitful life lies before me! To influence this simple receptive, uncorrupted people; to free them from poverty, to give them contentedness, to pass to the peasants the education which I fortunately possess; to correct their vices born of ignorance and superstition, to develop their morality and make them love the good.' A year's arduous work and Nikludov perceives 'They are no better, while I am growing more and more unhappy every day'; and, finally, after meeting a crowd of his protegés full of grievances, disputes, and squabblings, he enters his house 'with a mixed feeling of weariness, shame, helplessness, and penitence.' Five years spent in this way led him to the conclusion that it was easier to find happiness for oneself than to give it to other people, and he turned from the gentle arts of peace and education to the turmoil of war

Tolstoy entered the army in 1851. He was drafted off to the Caucasus in an artillery regiment, and there, under the spell of nature's enchantments, the magnificent scenery and gorgeous surroundings, he commenced his literary activity by writing in 1852 'The Cossacks.' He served in the Crimean War and commanded a battery at Sevastopol. He is best known to us as an apostle of peace and non-resistance, and the lesson that he strove to teach was well learnt in those days of actual experience of warfare. 'You behold war not from its beautiful and brilliant side,

with music and drum beating, with fluttering flags and galloping generals, but you behold war in its real aspect of blood, suffering, and death.'

On the conclusion of the war he returned to his literary work; pandering to the popular taste and bowing down before the popular idols. 'How often while writing have I cudgelled my brains to conceal under the mask of indifference and pleasantry those yearnings for something better that formed the real problem of my life.' At the age of twenty-six he found himself famous and courted, and he dulled his better yearnings in a round of dissipation, but found no happiness. Instead, he became dissatisfied and unhappy, and the hollowness of the whole method of his life was borne in upon him. He had the discernment to perceive that his associates were men not only immoral, but actually in a state of sublime satisfaction with themselves. A nausea settled upon his soul, but he still clung persistently to his belief in himself and in 'the general perfectibility.' For six years he wandered about the world seeking distraction in travel, but retaining his desire to teach others and be a force in others' lives, though how or what to teach them he hardly knew. It is not surprising therefore to find that his efforts in this direction, when he proceeded to put his vague ideas into practice, were attended with failure. Ultimately his health broke down, more from mental depression than from physical strain, and he gave up everything and started for the steppes 'to breathe fresh air, drink mare's milk, and live a mere animal life.' On his return, 1862, he married Miss Behrs, the daughter of an army surgeon at Tula, and the next fifteen years were occupied in home life, the administration of his estates, and literary labours.

Tolstoy now imagined he had found what he sought, namely, an object in life; and that object the happiness of himself and his family, which he considered to be the true end of existence. Then a vague unrest seized upon him. 'I had moments of perplexity, of a stoppage, as it were, of life, as if I did not know how I was to live, or what I was to do.' He found that he had no real motive for life and conduct, and he was haunted by the questions 'Why?' and 'What afterwards?' He began to experience a kind of death in life, and suicide came as a natural idea to him. Illness and death must ultimately come to everybody, and human life end: why should we trouble to accomplish anything or worry about anything in existence! He turned to science and literature for information, but discovered that although they told him everything about the facts of life, its conditions, and processes, they had nothing to reveal to him as to its ultimate purpose; and he came to regard both as nothing but the dust and ashes of criticism, analysis, and negation. But at last he discovered that there was something in existence besides knowledge, namely, faith. By faith Tolstoy did not mean mere acquiescence in beliefs, but 'the knowledge of the meaning of man's life through which man does not destroy himself but lives.' This faith he reached by turning from the educated to the ignorant classes, from the idle to the industrious. The true meaning of existence he began to see was to be found in correct living rather than in accurate thinking. He saw his mistake had been in judging all existence by the poor results of his own attainment. This is pretty much the condition of mind that is reflected in his book 'What is to be done then?' 'Who am I that desire to better men's conditions? I desire it, yet I get up at noon after having played at cards in a brilliantly lighted saloon during all the previous night, I, an enfeebled and effeminate man, who thus requires the help and service of hundreds of people. I come to help them! These men who rise at five, sleep on boards, feed upon cabbage and bread, and understand how to reap, to put a handle on an axe, to ride and harness horses, to sow. Men who by their strength and perseverance and self-restraint are a hundred times stronger than I who come to help them. I come to help the poor! But of the two who is the poorer? Who is poorer than myself? I am a weak good-for-nothing parasite, who can exist only in very peculiar conditions, who can live only when thousands of people labour to support this life which is not useful to any one; and I, this very caterpillar which eats up the leaves of the tree, wish to help the growth and health of the tree and cure it!'

The wanderer in the dark valley of doubt was emerging into what he thought

was the light of day. He turned to orthodoxy, and in the Church found a faith which helped him and a peace which calmed his mind. This phase, however, lasted only a very short time. Attending communion on one occasion he was asked to affirm his belief in transubstantiation, and the whole idea suddenly came to him with such a shock, that he was horrified at the whole conception of the doctrine, and he never partook of communion again. Next he began to notice the attitude of the Church on the subjects of war, and executions; and finding its attitude by no means satisfactory, since it encouraged and supported both, he set himself to study the Gospels and the history of Christianity for himself, in order to get at the root of the matter. In the course of his reading he discovered the great harmony of all the great religious teachers of the world, including Christ himself, on the point that happiness depends not upon wealth, or social position, or success, but on LIFE. 'I became confirmed in that truth and at peace, and I have since with gladness passed over twenty years of life and am with gladness drawing near to death.'

To understand the religious position of Tolstoy, it is necessary to remind readers that the Russian (Greek) Church is to all intents identical with that of Rome, save that the Pope is not acknowledged; but in doctrine and practice the two are, speaking broadly, identical. It retains its position in the country largely on the strength of the ignorance and credulity of the Russian people. The educated classes have revolted from it, for the scientific reaction has passed over Russia as over the other countries of Europe, shaking the old claims and dogmas to their foundations. The excommunication of Tolstoy was an indication of the narrowness of its spirit and sympathies. Tolstoy dared to stand out against this church as the prophet of a reasonable faith. 'Truth is revealed to man only through the reason given him by God, for the purpose of discovering the will of God, and the practice of inspiring distrust in reason is grounded on the desire to deceive, and is the greatest blasphemy' (Christian Teaching). Speaking of miracles he declared they were the cause of dissension, since each religion claims to possess them itself, and repudiates those of every other system as spurious—'all that is given out as such is human deception.'

Henceforward he endeavoured to found his life and his teaching on the words and works of Christ, the simple man Jesus, going about his Father's business; and this he regarded as the ultimate standard of all conduct, thought, and life. He tested all questions by this one—'What would Jesus do?'

He spent a considerable time in investigating social problems but abandoned his efforts in despair. 'People cannot be helped with money; they must be relieved of their views of the world.' Indeed, 'Money should not be given to anyone if we really want to do good.' He attributed the state of society wholly to the luxury and idleness of the rich, accompanied as it is by waste and extravagance. Property was the root of all evil, 'and yet property is that towards which all the activity of modern society is directed and which directs the activity of the world.' We make our criminals by the conditions of life which we permit. 'Those whom we call criminals we execute, imprison, guillotine, or hang. We encourage the masses in idolatrous religions calculated to stultify them. The government authorises the sale of brain-destroying poisons, wine, tobacco, opium; we bestow land on those who need it not; surrounded with misery, we display in our entertainments an unbridled extravagance; we render impossible in such ways any semblance of a Christian life, and we do our best to destroy Christian ideas already established. And after doing all we can to demoralise men we take and confine them like wild beasts, in places from which they cannot escape, where they become more brutal than ever, or we murder the men we have demoralised and use them as an example to prove our argument that people are only to be controlled by violence.'

A cardinal doctrine with him was that all reform must commence from within, and this he applied to the revolutionary party in Russia. In a letter which appeared in the English press he pointed out that reform could only come as Russians were themselves able to bear it and qualified to demand it. He compared the revolutionary method with that of men who, shut up in a room, tried to open the door to Freedom by pushing *against* it,

whereas they ought to know that it must open inwards towards themselves. Though a revolutionary himself he was not of the red-flag type; force for any purpose he thought an unmitigated evil. 'There can only be one permanent revolution, a moral one, the regeneration of the inner man. Men cannot be elevated in the bulk any more than they can be made sober by Act of Parliament or good by Police Courts.' This, no doubt, is largely true; but one cannot help feeling that if conditions had not been made favourable for people by Acts of Parliament and by other means, many individuals who are crushed under the tyranny of an evil system would have had no chance of improving their condition. But Tolstoy is remorselessly consistent. Force is always bad, even when used for a good object. His great illustration on the subject is that of the robber and the child: 'I see a robber killing a child, and I can save the child by killing the robber.' Should he kill the robber? No; for no one knows which life will prove to be the more valuable to the world; the robber may reform, the child may become a pest to society! Probably this theory of non-resistance is extreme, yet one cannot close one's eyes to the fact that the history of Christianity itself, and the record of the Quaker movement, to quote only two instances, prove that non-resistance is certainly an enormous power in putting down evil in the world. It is on this view of life that his ideas about war and capital punishment also rested. He was the vigorous opponent of both. In his sympathies he was cosmopolitan; the race at large was the object of his solicitude. 'Patriotism is a rude, harmful, disgraceful, and bad feeling, and above all is immoral,' making men narrow, the slaves of government, and causing them to act in a way contrary to reason. The ruling class, he considered, fosters this military spirit in our schools by one-sided histories, and in adults by jubilees, reviews, and spectacular displays and by a 'lying patriotic press' which provokes enmity against the foreigner.

The object of governments in increasing armaments is not, he considered, mainly the resistance of foreign aggression, but rather that of domestic oppression. In the social position of women in the world he detected the cause of much of our social evil and unhappiness. Women have a high vocation when they wake up to it; and the future is largely in their hands. He is, accordingly, the bitter and vigorous opponent of those who would advocate one standard of conduct for men and another for women. His novels treat of this and of social problems generally, and such books as 'Anna Karenina,' 'Resurrection,' 'The Kreutzer Sonata' are mercilessly written, but they are written with a definite purpose. Novels with a purpose are always painful reading, and there is always the risk of harm ensuing from them, but there are differences in books of this description. Tolstoy's novels are at any rate free from the taint of being written to gain a cheap and sensational reputation. He is too great a man to have that aspersion thrown on his work.

Such is a brief sketch of one of the most remarkable men of the age. A modern writer has said of him, 'Just one man, yet not one man but many; a people incarnate. I never saw him yet I always saw him; in the old fortress, in the great cathedral, and now again in the company of the Volga stevedores. For this is the unknown quantity men call Russia; an immeasurable devotion, an immeasurable patience, an immeasurable industry, an immeasurable hunger for holiness—and the heart of Russia is Leo Tolstoy.' He was one of those striking characters in history who have made a ladder of their vices to climb upwards, and of whom it may truly be said that they have risen 'on stepping stones of their dead selves to higher things.' One of those giant natures that grapple in vast armful even the thorns and briars of existence and strain them to their bosoms until they cease to lacerate and are turned to use and purpose.

Three things may profitably be borne in mind: Firstly—How, brought up in the atmosphere of the home and society into which he was born, could he well have failed to plunge into the ordinary life of the class to which he belonged? Secondly—How many men would have had the strength of character, having embarked on it, to see the hollowness of it, draw back and turn away from it And, thirdly—How many men having led such a life, and having abandoned it, would have the moral courage to speak of it frankly and

freely as he did, laying bare the very secrets of his soul, to save, if possible, others from the same degradation and misery ? We all sin in our degree ; some more, some less. His creed, reached after much strain and stress, was a simple one—the creed of Jesus himself : love to God and service to mankind. ' There is only one way to serve mankind and that is by becoming better yourself.'

THE SCOTTISH UNITARIAN S.S. UNION

JOHN K. WOOD, D.Sc.

On November 25th, 1899, a Conference of Sunday school teachers and others was held in Dundee for the purpose of considering, amongst other things, the possibility of forming some kind of union or association. This proposal was received with general favour and a committee was appointed, of which the Rev. A. E. Parry, then minister at Kirkcaldy, was convener, with instructions to consider the matter in detail and to report to a meeting to be held later. As a result of the deliberations of this committee a Constitution was drawn up, was submitted to a meeting of teachers held in Edinburgh on May 19th, 1900, and, with a few alterations, adopted. Thus came into existence the Scottish Unitarian Sunday School Union. The objects of the Union, to quote from the constitution, were expressed as follows :—' To promote and encourage union and co-operation among the teachers and friends of Unitarian and other Sunday schools in Scotland ; to afford opportunities of meeting for the discussion and exchange of ideas and experience ; and generally to take such action in matters of mutual interest as may from time to time be deemed advisable.'

To begin with the following schools were affiliated to the Union : Aberdeen, Dundee, Edinburgh, Glasgow (St. Vincent Street), Glasgow (South St. Mungo Street, now Ross Street). and Kirkcaldy. Towards the close of the second year of the existence of the Union, the school at Kilmarnock joined the Union and maintained its connexion until 1907, when it became necessary to close the school. All the other schools still remain in affiliation with the Union.

The fact that these six schools, situated in various parts of the country, are the only Unitarian Sunday schools in Scotland shows how very different are the conditions there from those which are to be met with in many parts of England. Though we are, numerically, a small religious body, yet it is no uncommon occurrence in English towns for there to be at least two Unitarian places of worship, each with its own Sunday school. Even when this is not the case, a short journey by rail or tram will frequently suffice to take the English teacher from his own to another school. Contrast this with the state of affairs in Scotland where there is only one town, Glasgow, in which there are to be found two of our schools, and where, in order to reach another school, a journey of at least three-quarters of an hour's duration is required. Aberdeen's nearest neighbour is Dundee, seventy miles away ! The distance between the schools makes it, of course, quite impossible to hold frequent meetings or for those meetings which are held to be largely attended. From the time of the foundation of the Union up to the present, the McQuaker Trustees have made an annual grant towards defraying the travelling expenses of delegates to the various meetings. As a result of this assistance the Union is able to defray the expenses of two delegates from each school, together with those of the office bearers. A few of the members pay their own expenses, which, as can be imagined, amount to a considerable sum, and some of the schools pay the fares of additional delegates ; by these methods a fair representation of the teachers of the different schools is secured at the meetings. The expenses of members travelling to committee meetings are also defrayed by the Union.

Some very successful and interesting meetings have been held during the period that the Union has been in existence. The Conference recently held at Aberdeen, and at which an address was delivered by the Rev. C. Hargrove, M.A., and a paper (a verbatim report of which appears on another page of this issue of the Quarterly) read by Mr. J. K. Melville, of Kirkcaldy, ranks amongst the most successful of these meetings. Other valuable papers have been contributed by various members of the Union and others.

The Union makes a practice of sending a visitor to each school every year, the office-bearers dividing this duty between them. These visits are not made in an inquisitorial spirit, although, of course, any laxity of discipline is noticed and referred to in the visitor's report. The main object of the visits is to bring members of different schools into contact with each other; visitor and visited are alike encouraged and strengthened as a result of these meetings, while very often they gain experience and knowledge which they can themselves make use of in their subsequent work.

Nor are the children forgotten in this effort to draw the members of the different schools into closer contact. They, of course, make the acquaintance of the visitor to their school and are always interested in anything he or she may have to tell them. But in addition to this the Union has endeavoured to interest the scholars of the different schools in each other and in the Union by compiling several little booklets and distributing them amongst the scholars, each child receiving a copy. Three such booklets have appeared, one containing photographs of our Scottish Unitarian churches together with short historical notes regarding them, the other two containing photographs and short accounts of the lives of prominent Unitarian men and women. In this way we have tried to make the children realise that though they are few in number in any one town, yet there are other children in different parts of their own and other countries who are being taught practically the same kind of lessons as they are themselves receiving, and that they form units of a religious body which has included amongst its adherents some of the noblest men and women who have ever lived.

The Union has on several occasions sent a delegate to the Oxford Summer Session for teachers. These delegates have always been loud in their praise of the Oxford meetings, and have embodied their experiences in papers which they have subsequently read for the benefit of those who have had no personal experience of the Summer Session.

Some years ago, also, the Union instituted an essay competition on various subjects, and although the response, numerically, was not great, a number of the papers were of considerable merit.

The foregoing statement will give some idea of the work our Union is trying to accomplish. We have not departed from the objects which the Union was originally meant to serve, and although, owing to the cause which has been mentioned, no very ambitious schemes can be undertaken to further those objects, I think all who know anything of our Scottish Unitarian Sunday schools will admit that the Union, despite the modest nature of its work, has been a source of strength and encouragement to the indvidual schools and has, in some measure at any rate, fulfilled the expectations of its founders. Our hope is that as time goes on we may be able to do still more to promote the welfare and efficiency of our schools and to help in making the future of Scottish Unitarianism brighter and more prosperous than has been its past.

SYMPATHY

ELEANOR KENNEDY

When sorrow came into the world,
And laughter fled,
It seemed that happiness must be
For ever dead.
Sighs filled the air, and tears had dimmed to sadness
The eyes that once were bright with joy and gladness.

Then suffering came with heavy heart
And frowning gaze,
Keeping the prostrate souls in agony
No hope could raise;
Into the outer darkness they seemed to stray,
Crying for light to lead them on their way.

Then slowly upon all the land
There dawned a light,
And tear dim'd eyes grew bright again
At that glad sight.
Sweet sympathy, of suffering and sorrow born,
Had come to earth; fair herald of a brighter morn.

Two corrections of our habitual thought have now become imperative. The theologian must surrender the current notion that the world is under foreign administration, usurped by a Power, known as Satan, hostile to Almighty God, who has defeated the original plan of the Creation; and that the Almighty is now over-ruling the usurpation by a penal process over men and animals, and is waiting for an opportune future to introduce a new heavens and a new earth.—*W. W. Peyton.*

Are we not to account that love the truest which respects our freedom, which lays no chain upon it, which encourages it, which leaves us free to act from our own minds?—*W. E. Channing.*

BY THE WAY

TITLE PAGE and INDEX for Volume II. of THE QUARTERLY will be forwarded to anyone sending a penny stamp to Mr. Hare, Essex Hall.

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NEW SCHOOLS have recently been started at Gainsborough, Kilburn, and Newton Abbot. Rev W. R. Clark-Lewis writes of Gainsborough: 'We began in May and have about twenty scholars and three or four good helpers. I have given a fifteen minutes' address on the lesson each week. A Junior Social Guild on Wednesdays promises well. I gave a limelight talk, Wednesday, November 23rd, when we had about two hundred children present. I think that through the Wednesday evenings we shall be able to feed the school. We have also an Adult Bible Class.' The conditions are peculiar at Gainsborough, and with an ancient Chapel Mr. Clark-Lewis has had to begin everything again as from the beginning. Rev. Charles Roper writes with regard to Kilburn as follows: 'Until the opening of the new Church just two years ago a Sunday School was impossible. A Men's Conference was held on Sunday afternoons, and the usual morning and evening services. The Church stands in close proximity to an extremely poor district, practically a slum. There were three things we thought we ought to do, namely, establish Clubs for boys and girls, a Mothers' Meeting, and a Sunday School. We obesrved many boys and girls playing about the streets at night, and we knew that in many cases there really was not room for them in their homes; so, ascertaining that there was practically no well-equipped club in the district we formed one ourselves and invited the boys and girls to join. There was some prejudice manifested, and in a few instances members were stopped coming through clerical influence, though we made it prefectly clear that the clubs were absolutely unsectarian. This experience was a proof that we did wisely in starting the clubs before the Sunday School, for otherwise it would certainly have been thought that we were actuated by ulterior motives. Both clubs are now full, with between sixty and seventy members in each, and we have many applications for admission when any vacancy occurs. Our gymnasium is as well equipped as the most fastidious could desire. Next we started a Mothers' Meeting. We found that there were many women going nowhere. Though we started only last February we have long reached our limit of seventy-five members, with an average attendance of nearly sixty. In connection with this meeting we have Doctor's Club, Clothing Club, Savings Bank, and Christmas Club, and very systematic visiting. This was the second step towards the establishment of a school. Mothers began to ask whether we had a Sunday School. Members of the clubs also asked similar questions, so on the first Sunday in October last we opened our school for the first time, and welcomed about thirty scholars. Within two months we have increased our number to sixty-three, and our average attendance thus far has been remarkable. I have undertaken the duties of superintendent, and my wife takes the eldest class of girls. In all we have five classes, with seven regular and occasional teachers. We expect at the beginning of the New Year to rearrange the classes somewhat and perhaps increase their number.'

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A TEACHERS' COUNCIL is being tried at Chowbent. The main idea is that teachers may ask advice as to books, subjects, and methods; or state actual difficulties in connection with their teaching; and the minister, Rev. J. J. Wright, will try to help them in these matters. Teachers themselves know best what they need helping in, and all who attend will benefit by each individual's difficulties being dealt with. We shall hope to induce Mr. Wright to tell us something of his experiences in a future number of THE QUARTERLY.

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CHOWBENT is a rare place for ideas, and we are interested to know that not only will there be a Teachers' Council but also a *Question Sunday Afternoon*. Members of the top classes will meet together, and any members of the congregation. Mr. Wright will be prepared to help all inquirers in regard to matters of theological or religious difficulty. The Question Class will be held during the usual school hours.

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CHEAP BOOKS.—The Association is bringing out in cheap form the following books. As the issue will be limited, teachers and others will do well to obtain copies without delay. *Hymn Lessons, a Teacher's Note-book*, by the late Marian Pritchard, 6d. *Theodore Parker, W. E. Channing, Dorothea Dix, Noble Workers*, and *St. Francis*, by the late Frances E. Cooke, 6d. each. Miss Gregg's *Colenso*, 6d. *The Bible for Young People*, first four volumes at four shillings the set, or two shillings each.

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THE EISTEDDFOD.—Towards the end of the winter season, sometime between Christmas and Easter, school officials cast about for a plan to stimulate lagging energies, renew the good feeling with which the season began, and secure some addition to the funds. We have known of 'Arts and Crafts Exhibitions' which have lasted for two or three evenings and been a fearful joy to those who had denuded their walls of art treasures and emptied their cabinets of weird curios gathered in out of the way corners of the world. A less exacting plan is that covered by the term Eisteddfod. It does not entail half so much strain and anxiety, and that is an advantage. The whole proceedings can be carried through in one night. Competitions in music, elocution, literature, photography, needlework, painting, general knowledge, impromptu speaking, and the like can be arranged, the competitors being charged a small entrance fee. Those who have tried the plan like it so much that they are always ready to repeat the experiment when the time comes round again. There is such a constant flow of good humour and fun. If any of our readers desire further information as to the management of an Eisteddfod we shall be glad to furnish it.

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FIFTY POINTS IN FAVOUR OF UNITARIANISM.—Rev. Alfred Hall has done our people a great service, and the British and Foreign Unitarian

Association is to be commended for its alertness in publishing this booklet at the price of 2d. The booklet will go into almost any pocket. It is just the sort of thing to have ready for the man who says, 'Unitarianism! H'mm!! I can't make you fellows out; you always seem to me to take two bites at a cherry; anyway, what *is* Unitarianism?' Give him this booklet (after reading it yourself), and then get another to be ready for the next man. Elder scholars might do much worse than study it; the study would refresh the memory and provide arrows for the quiver of those who would draw a bow, even at a venture, for the sake of the truth. The question 'What do Unitarians generally believe?' is admirably answered by Mr. Hall, whose experience on the Van has been most usefully turned to advantage.

* * *

INDEPENDENT SCHOOLS.—Do our readers know of any at the present time? If so, why should not they be invited to join one or other of our local societies? Sixty years ago, Mr. Curtis, of the Lower Mosley Street Schools, reported: 'Messrs. Glossop and Hibbert, with myself, went by invitation to . . ., on behalf of the Association, to visit three schools unconnected with any religious body, having seceded from the church some years since. We saw the schools, attended the Teachers' Meetings, gave every explanation, and offered the right hand of fellowship. After taking some time to consider the matter, they declined joining the Association at present; but expressed their willingness to receive visits, and felt indebted to the deputation for the kind and liberal feeling they had manifested and the information they had given.' One, if not two, of these schools has ceased to exist; had it belonged to an association and not sought to live independently it would probably have been still in existence. 'Fellowship is life.'

* * *

LECTURES ON THE COMPOSITION AND DELIVERY OF SERMONS (London: Philip Green, 1/6).—There is no better book on the subject. Dr. Drummond writes out of a wide experience, and his words should prove of great help not only to lay preachers and would-be lay preachers, but to students and others. 'How ought a sermon to differ from an essay? They treat of the same themes. They may proclaim the same opinions. How do they differ? They differ in their ultimate object. It has been defined in this way: "The design of an essay ends in a judgment; of an oration, in an act." An essay is intended to be read, and seeks to communicate knowledge, to influence our opinion, or to improve our taste; and if it sometimes flashes with prophetic fire, and stirs us to action, it is departing to that extent from its own special province. But the sermon is an oration, intended to have a rousing appeal to the emotions and the will, and owing its efficacy both to the literary mode of presenting the subject and to the impressive manner of the speaker.'

* * *

THE SEVENTH SUMMER SESSION.—One of the students has written of the experiences at Oxford, and in a most charming manner the story of the solid fare, the practical lectures, the exhibition lessons, and the council meetings, is told. How anyone can read this attractive pamphlet and not desire to take part in one of these delightful times for hard-working teachers we do not know; neither can we understand the attitude of any teacher who acts as though he had reached finality in the art of teaching, and feels no desire to join his fellows in the Summer School. Those who have attended even one session wish to go again; they have realised how little they know and how well worth while it is to learn more and learn to do better.

* * *

STOCK-TAKING.—Many of the schools in the land will be having their annual reports written about this time. We wonder how many will be able to record an increase in numbers, in the number of scholars 'over sixteen,' in the number of teachers, societies, and activities! If your school has increased or decreased in numbers, how do you account for the fact? If your societies are thriving, or the reverse, what cause do you assign? What is the brightest event in your year's record? What has become of the Young Men's Class, and the Young Women's, of ten years ago? We shall be obliged to any of our readers who will give an hour or two to answering these questions for us.

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CHILDREN'S HAPPY EVENINGS.—Much scope for the active good will of our young people is to be found in this sort of work, and we commend to the consideration of our readers the following account of what has been accomplished in one of our schools.

'We began with a kind of free and easy—singing, reciting, story-telling. Sixty present, and everything passed off well. Next week a lantern show, one hundred present. Then we had a gramaphone—a really good instrument—and good music. The following week a lady came and offered the services of herself and about a score of her music pupils who desired to give a concert. We made this concert widely known, and took a collection for the benefit of poor children. With the proceeds we sent a girl for three weeks to a Home for Cripples, and she benefited so much that we are going to send her again, but for six weeks this time. We found a boy needing assistance badly: provided him with crutches and a suit of clothes. When the lady and her pupils visited us for the second time there was an audience of two hundred and fifty, who contributed to another collection for the same object as before. At the outset we had trouble with the rough element, but we have appointed a doorkeeper, several orderly officers, and a chairman, and all goes smoothly. To friends who want to know how we carry on, we say "Come and see, if you like; come and help, if you care to do as you are told—at the *end* of the season we are going to consider all the hints, suggestions, criticisms, commendations, and condemnations that have been uttered (if we remember them), but at present we know what we wish to do."'